

# The Iris



1962



Throtona Scutellaris

Malville

2. June







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# THE IRIS

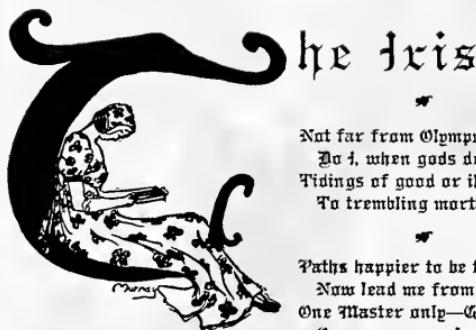
WARD'S SEMINARY

ANNUAL !



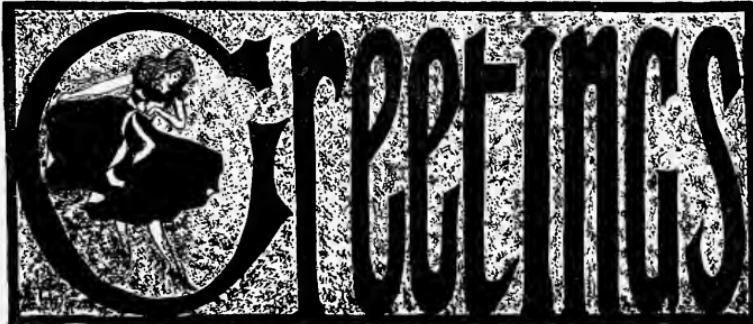
VOLUME IV.

CLASS 1902.



Not far from Olympus still  
Do I, when gods declare,  
Tidings of good or ill  
To trembling mortals bear.

Paths happier to be trod  
Now lead me from above,  
One Master only—God;  
One message only—Love.





## Dedication

To

Mary Miller Blanton,

In loving remembrance,

Do we,

the Class of 1902,

Dedicate this book



THE  
IRIS



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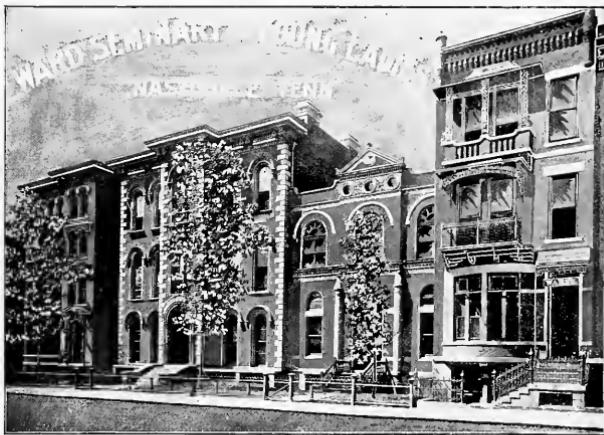


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THE  
IRIS  
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1901-1902



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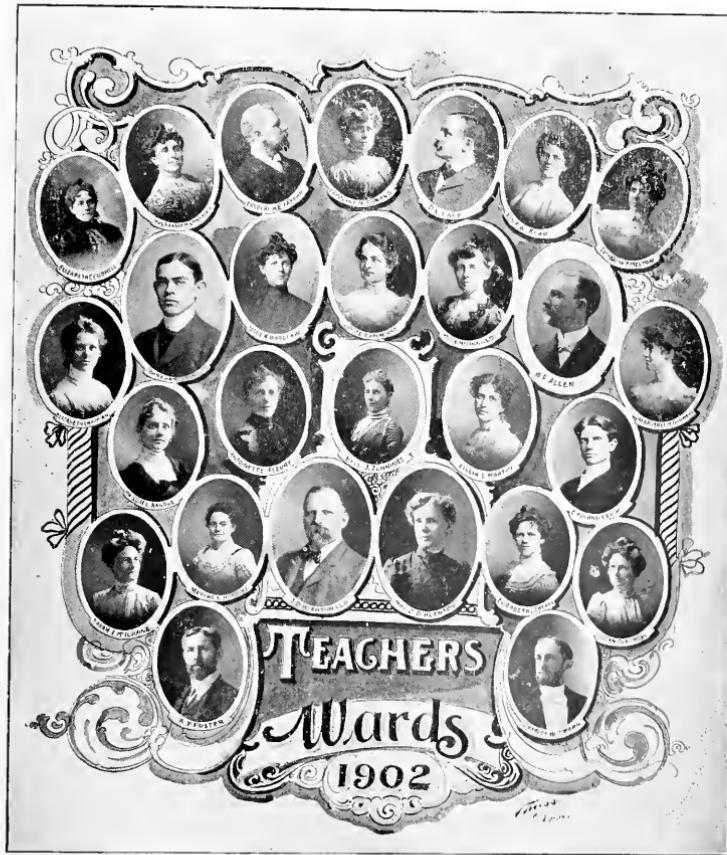
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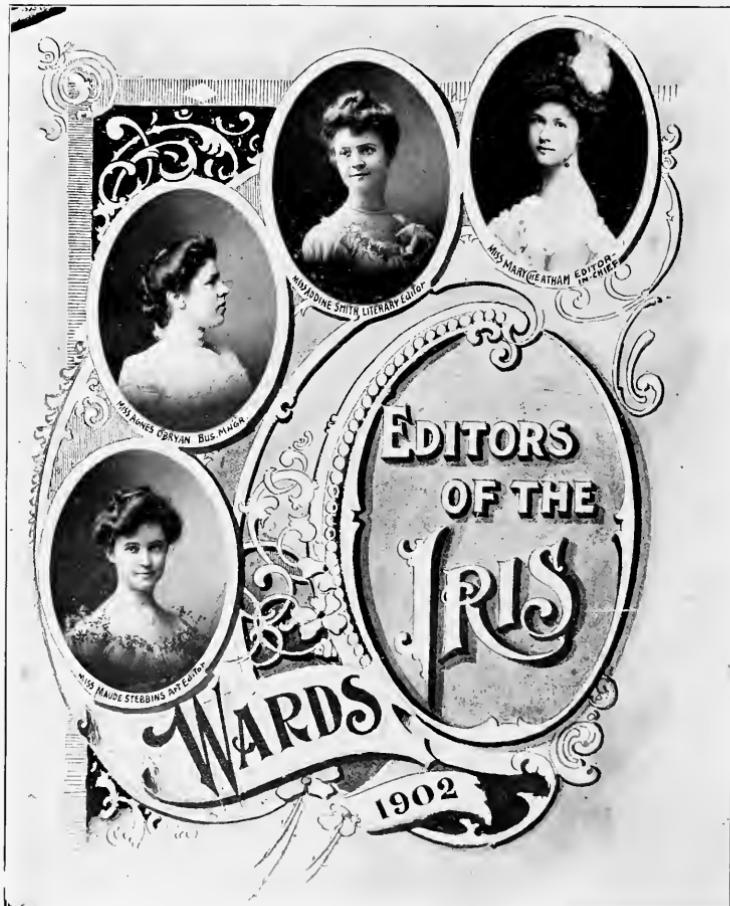
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RICHARD T. WYCHE	Stories in Classic Literature











MISS ELIZABETH CHAPMAN

One who, through genuine love and deep understanding of the best in literature, has created for her pupils and friends a new and wonderful world; a creation, too, which must live because of the strong personality behind it. In the future, as in the past, her influence will ever be our inspiration.

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THE  
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## CLASS EVOLUTION



The  
New  
Arrival



A  
Year  
Later



Miss  
Junior



Miss  
Senior

# SENIORS



*Motto:*  
Loyauté m'oblige.

*Colors:*  
Green and Gold.

*Flower:*  
Marechal Niel Rose.

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Mabel Murray



## A SENIOR'S HEAD





ALCORN, SOPHIA KINDRICK.

VICE REGENT OF DELTA SIGMA, 1902;  
VICE PRESIDENT OF KENTUCKY CLUB, 1902.

"She smiled, and I could not but love."

BERRY, EMMA HORATIA.

"As merry as the day is long."

BORDEN, ALICE,

PRESIDENT OF THE TEXAS  
CLUB, 1902; TREASURER OF  
STUDIO CLUB, 1902.

"But—O!—she dances such a  
way;  
No sun upon Easter Day  
Is half so fine a sight."



CARROLL, MARTHA ELIZABETH.

"Good nature and good sense must  
ever join."

CHEATHAM, MARY,

PRESIDENT OF SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1899-1900;  
PRESIDENT OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901;  
PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902.  
EDITOR IN CHIEF OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"A soul of power, a well of lofty  
thought."

DUBOSE, CAROLYN WADE.

SECRETARY OF SHAKESPEARE CLUB, 1902.

"Human face divine."

DUNBAR, BESSIE GIBBS.

"A face with gladness overspread;  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

GLENN, ELIZABETH.

TREASURER OF SOPHOMORE  
CLASS, 1899-1900; TREASU-  
RER OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-  
1901; TREASURER OF SEN-  
IOR CLASS, 1901-1902.

"Gentle of speech, be-  
neficient of mind."

HART, KATHERINE.

"To see her is to love her."

HEFLEY, BESSIE CLAIRE.

SECRETARY OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1902;  
TREASURER OF CHAFING DISH CLUB, 1902;  
VICE PRESIDENT OF TEXAS CLUB, 1902.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

HUGHES, MARY KENDRICK.

"Dark eyes, eternal soul of pride,  
Deep life in all that's true."

JONAS, FEDORA.

DIPLOMA PIANO.

"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."

THE  
IRIS  
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MCBRIDE, ESSIE.

"Officious, innocent, sincere;  
Of every friendless name,  
the friend."

MEEKS, LORAINE.

"Flippant, pert, and full of play."

MUNFORD, JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD.

"Now tell me the reason, I pray."

MURRAY, MABEL.

"Who knows nothing base,  
fears nothing known."

NUNNELLY, ANNIE BALDWIN,

TREASURER OF D. Q. R. CLUB, 1902;  
TREASURER OF TENNESSEE CLUB, 1902.

"A character so merciful, so strong,  
so good, so patient, peaceful,  
loyal, loving, pure."

OLIVE, ALICE LUCILE.

"The dimple that thy chin  
contains has beauty in  
its roundness."

O'BRYAN, AGNES TRABUE,

BUSINESS MANAGER OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"Worth, courage, honor—  
These, indeed, your sustenance and  
birthright are."

PECK, SADIE BUCKNER.

"She hath a daily beauty in her life."

PIERSON, LUCY ADELAIDE.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

RHEA, ANNE.

"Amber-dropping hair."

RICE, NITA,

DIPLOMA VOICE.

"Patient of toil, serene amidst  
alarms."

ROGERS, LUCILE VINCENT,

PRESIDENT OF TENNESSEE CLUB, 1902.

"Mirth, admit one of thy crew."

ROGERS, JANE MORAN,

VICE PRESIDENT OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1901-1902.

"Zealous, yet modest."

ROTHROCK, KATHERINE.

"What strength in meekness!"

SCRUGGS, THEODORA COOLEY.

"The hearts that dare  
Are quick to feel."

SIMS, TOM KITRELL,

PRESIDENT OF SHAKESPEARE  
CLUB, 1902; PRESIDENT OF D.  
Q. R. CLUB, 1902.

"The mind, the music breathing  
from her face."

SMITH, ADDINE DEFOREST,

LITERARY EDITOR OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"Grace was in all her steps; heaven, in her eye;  
In every gesture, dignity and love."

STEBBINS, MAUDE E.,

TREASURER OF WHEEL CLUB, 1900;  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF LOUISIANA CLUB, 1900;  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF PHENICIAN CLUB, 1902;  
ART EDITOR OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"She was a phantom of delight."

TAMBLE, LENA P.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn."

TALLY, ELIZABETH,

SECRETARY OF ALABAMA CLUB, 1902.

"Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."



WARTERFIELD, RUTH.

"An image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."



TILLMAN, JANE SMITH,

VICE PRESIDENT OF SOPHOMORE  
CLASS, 1900-1901; VICE PRESIDENT  
OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901; VICE  
PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS,  
1901-1902.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

WALSH, NELLY M.

"The pink of courtesy."

WILLIAMS, LILLIAN MAY,

DIPLOMA PIANO; TREASURER OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1901; CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1902; PRESIDENT OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1901-1902.

"A hidden soul of harmony."

WILSON, MAUD,

SECRETARY OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901; SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902; VICE PRESIDENT OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1902; SECRETARY OF TEXAS CLUB, 1902.

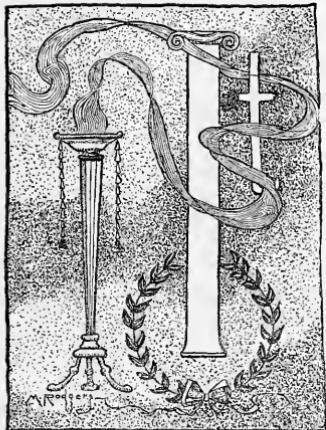
"Thou hast the patience and faith of a saint."

HENDERSON, MARGARET,

"There is a garden in her face."



## Senior Prophecy



she chanced to know. Lucy, that dear and well-beloved friend, had been with me since the preceding August; so I had no trouble in letting the girls know her thoughts and plans. I very soon found out, however, that they—on their short visits, even—had learned that she was just as fond of Ward as ever. Her tenderness and gentleness had won for her a host of friends, but she thought most of the ones she had known and loved while in school at Nashville. Though five years had elapsed since that time, we all felt that a midnight feast, a "gym," a dance, or any of the "enjoyables" we had at Ward, would have been more than acceptable to us.

Ruth Warterfield amused us no little by telling of her trip abroad. She still spoke in that same quick, witty way. On her trip she met Count —, and they had taken quite a fancy to each other. Her sister had chaperoned the party, and, on seeing the at-

was the last night of the house party. Some of the girls in the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two had met for the first time since they separated at that commencement. I had never experienced a more pleasant visit from my friends than I had from these girls. On that night, as we drew our chairs, sofa pillows, and the like, up to the fire in order to hear about the various and sundry things the girls had been doing, a feeling of sadness seemed to dwell over the group. Just a few of the girls, considering the fact that there were thirty-seven in the class, were with me; so we decided that each one should tell about those of whom



*On her  
trip she met  
Count —*

tachment between the two growing so strong, brought Ruth home.

The child says she will never love another, and has sent in her application to Mary Hughes, Lena Tamble, and Jane Tillman to join their "Old Maid Club," which is doing charity work for the Vanderbilt boys.

She met quite a number of the old girls on her trip. Miss Fleury had taken a party of girls to Europe during the summer of the year we finished, and had got up several parties since that time. It was on the last of these trips that Ruth met so many of her old schoolmates. Among them were Emma Berry, Martha Carroll, Katherine Hart, and several younger girls, who now call Ward their "alma mater." She says that Emma amused them very much in the Hotel de —. Emma said the manners and customs of the French people were more than she could ever understand.

Josephine Munford is teaching Latin at Vanderbilt. It seems that most of the Delta Kappa Epsilon boys are taking this particular study. Her greatest pride, though, is to tell the story of the cannon, which has had several more coats of paint on it since the year nineteen hundred and two.

We had looked forward with the greatest pleasure to having Theo. Scruggs with us, but she and her husband had been offered a position in the fair now going on in San Francisco; and, having accepted it, she could not be with us. Her letters are always so interesting. She writes that managing a giant seesaw is not so bad, after all. She certainly has been more fortunate than we have in one way; for she saw Carolyn DuBose on her bridal tour, and says it is worth one's while to go to the fair just to see this couple, if nothing more. She also wrote that Carolyn wore her hair in an immense pompadour, and had changed a great deal from the plain little maid that she was while in school. Alice Borden and Katherine Rothrock went to the fair, and had been staying around the seesaw a great deal. They recognized Theo., and, after a warm reception from her, inquired about the manager of this particular show. On being told that it was Theo.'s husband, Katherine fainted; and Alice, thinking that they had remained in San Francisco long enough, returned to Tennessee with Katherine.





*Expects to be a Grand Opera singer*

Our beautiful and graceful "Miss Sims" has been studying for the stage since the fall of nineteen hundred and two, and is now playing in London, at the Drury Lane Theater. Her personal charm adds much to the success she has won, and it is known that before the season is over she will be recognized as one of the finest actresses on the English stage.

Lillian Williams expects to be a grand opera singer next year. She is now in Germany, and reports are that her fondest hopes will be realized.

How I did appreciate having my co-workers on "The Iris"—Mary Cheatham, Addine Smith, and Agnes O'Bryan—with me on the occasion of my house party! I know how busy they are with their journal, and was afraid they would not be able to accept the invitation. All know, of course, that I was delighted to entertain these famous girls—"women," I should say. I learned much of their work, and feel deeply interested in their every undertaking. They often spoke of Elizabeth Glenn and the way in which she was received as a citizen into Baltimore. Her husband, being an actor, is away from home most of the time, and she has invited us to spend a while with her next winter.

Our talented Fedora has been posing for Gibson. He is now completing a series of pictures, entitled "The Gay Young Widow," in which Fedora expects to become famous as a model. She seems to be charmed with the life she is now living.

Among the Nashville girls with me was Bessie Dunbar. She is thinking of applying for a position at Ward this coming year, in order to be with those who are able to sympathize with any one that has been disappointed in love. Her story is far too sad to be written where "he who runs may read." It is not my purpose, anyway, to bring tears to the eyes of any of my readers. Suffice it to say her old maid career has begun, and we think her brave not to take the veil. She still seems to all but her closest friends the same cold-hearted, indifferent Bessie.

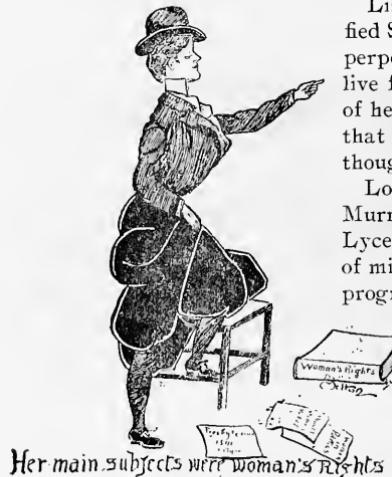
When Ruth told us that Sophie was taking Margaret Sangster's place in the Ladies' Home Journal and writing on "My Girls" and

"Advice to Boys," we laughed very heartily. It seems that during the winter after leaving school she spent most of her time composing love letters for her girl friends. They would simply drop her a note, inclose an envelope and a two-cent stamp, and she would do the rest.

Bessie Hefley and Maud Wilson are in the dime museum of the fair, sitting directly opposite each other. They expect to return to Texas in a few months, at which time the latter will announce her engagement.

Essie McBride and Nita Rice have gone as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and we are delighted to hear of the work going on there. Several of the Ward girls have gone as missionaries, and we are continually hearing good reports from them.

I was not at all surprised to learn that Lucile Rogers had gone on the lecture platform. Her main subjects are "Woman's Rights" and "Presbyterianism." Any one wishing to read some of her speeches can find them in the New York World or the Southwestern Presbyterian.



Her main subjects were woman's rights



As missionaries to Sandwich Islands

Liza Tally, that modest and dignified Senior, has solved the question of perpetual motion, and her name will live forever. All the girls are proud of her, I know, and must be delighted that they had at least one unusually thoughtful girl in the class.

Lorraine Meeks, Sadie Peck, Mabel Murray, and Nelly Walsh are in the Lyceum Course. A letter from a friend of mine, now in Ward, says that their programme was highly enjoyed by every one. Quite a crowd went to hear them, and the audience really got enthusiastic. Sleight-of-hand tricks, dancing, and singing were the main features of their entertainment.

Lucile Olive lives just a block from Ward, and is perfectly lovely to the girls. They say she has a beautiful home, and everything she wished for while in school is now at her command.

"Skeeter"—I mean Annie Nunnelly—surprised us very much by "dropping in" to be with us on the last day of the party. We were rejoiced to see her and to hear her part of the story. She travels with her husband, who is employed by the —— Printing Company. I was sorry that she could not have been with us longer, but, under the circumstances, pardoned her. She says she met Jane Rogers at the hotel in Houston, Texas. Jane is now a book agent, and says no one could persuade her to change her place.

Anne Rhea, by no means the last to be spoken of at the time, is now at school in New York. She has seen Miss Chisman frequently this past winter.

How I would love to see all the girls of the class personally! I am so glad, however, that I have been able to have the pleasure of a visit from these girls. They are the same jolly, lively set; and when they left, I felt very lonely indeed (to speak mildly of it). I hope to be with my classmates again soon; for there are few people that I think more of than I do of the girls that were in the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two.

MAUDE STEBBINS.



COLLEGE PREPARATORY CERTIFICATES



TO WELLESLEY COLLEGE

ALICE CARROLL . . . . .	Tennessee
NANNIE HENSLEY OVERTON . . . . .	Tennessee
THEODORA COOLEY SCRUGGS . . . . .	Tennessee
LILLIAN PEARL SMITH . . . . .	Illinois



TO VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

ETHEL BRADSHAW CHAPPELL . . . . .	Tennessee
KATHERINE GORDON ROTHROCK . . . . .	Tennessee



**MOTTO :**

To be, not to seem.

**COLORS :**

Green and White.

**FLOWER :**

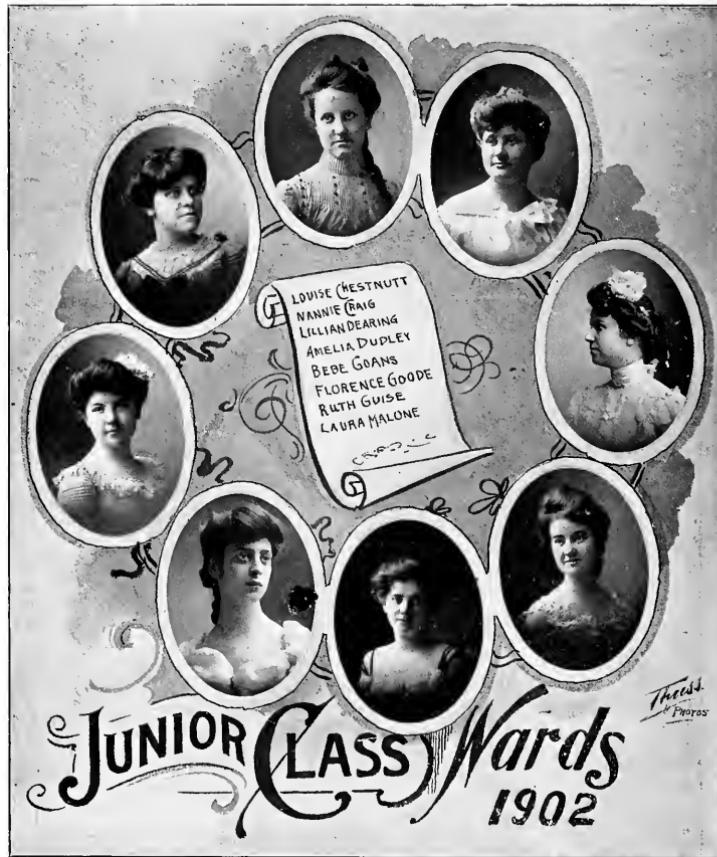
White Rose.

**OFFICERS**

SADIE WARNER	President
LAURA MALONE	Secretary
Alice Carroll	Treasurer





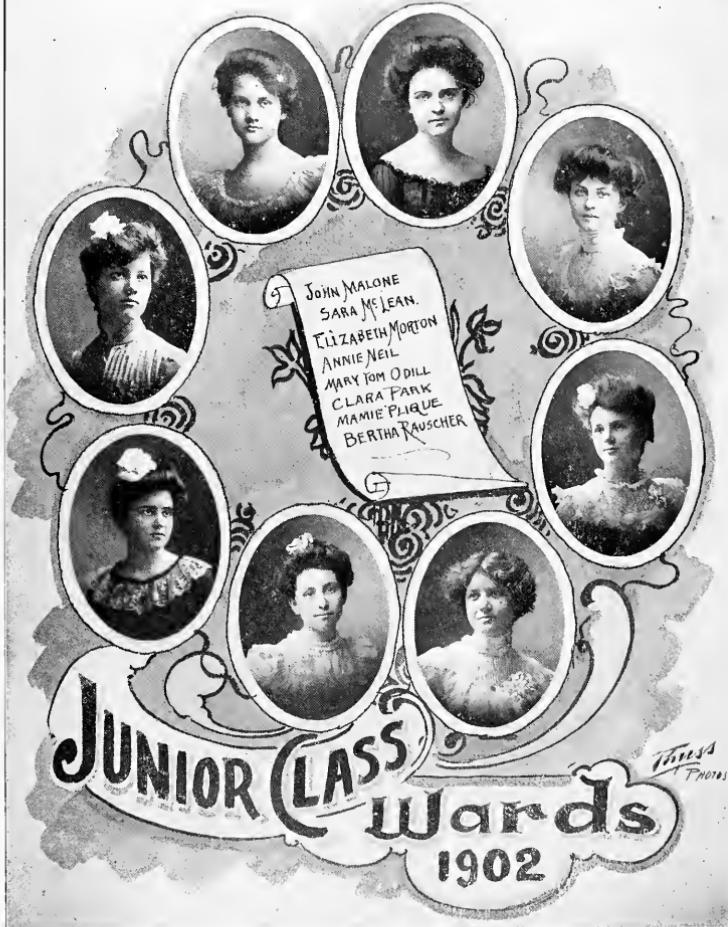


LOUISE CHESTNUTT	Most coquettish
NANNIE CRAIG	Most persevering
ZULMA CROSS	Best geometry student
AMELIA DUDLEY	Best musician
BEBE GOANS	Most energetic
FLORENCE GOODE	Most talkative
RUTH GUISE	Most amiable
MARY HEARD	Best read
LAURA MALONE	Best student

# JUNIOR CLASS Wards 1902

Tomas  
17 photos

JOHN MALONE	Most dignified
SARAH MCLEAN	Most unconcerned
SARAH MORGAN	Biggest flirt
ELIZABETH MORTON	Most fastidious
ANNIE NEIL	Best Bible student
MARY TOM ODIL	Smartest
CLARA PARK	Best dancer
MAMIE PLIQUE	Most courteous
BERTHA RAUSCHER	Most influential



JOHN MALONE  
SARA MCLEAN.  
ELIZABETH MORTON  
ANNIE NEIL  
MARY TOM ODIL  
CLARA PARK  
MAMIE PLIQUE  
BERTHA RAUSCHER

# JUNIOR CLASS

# WARDS

# 1902

Thurs  
July 1902.

MARY SANDERS	Best disposition
LUCILE SATTERWHITE	Most animated
LILLIAN SIMPSON	Most meditative
GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKY	Best French student
MARY SUMMÉY	Most popular
VALERY TRUDEAU	Cutest
SADIE WARNER	Most stylish
ETHEL WEBB	Brightest
BESSIE WHITEMAN	Most captivating
GAIL WILLIS	Sweetest

## Junior Prophecy



It so bifel that whan the younge sonne,  
Hath in the Ram hisse haffe cours y runne  
About a feeste so solemayne and ryche,  
That in this world ne was ther noon it lyche,  
The Junior Classe was gathered al round,  
Of which if I shall tellen al the array,  
Thanne wolde it occupie a somer's day.  
It so bifel after the thriddes cours  
A messenger al braithless, on a hors,  
Rode to the door and begged admittance;  
He to the guestes made obeysaunce.  
A mirour of glas had he in his hande,  
Which comen was from straunge magis' bande,  
With swish a myght that men maye in it see  
Al that will happen in futuritie,  
If that they magicians thene will be.  
Grete was the eagernessee for to see,  
Ne profiteth til it comen to me.  
Where they see ther owne snylen faces,  
I saw dim mysts and uncertaine places;



Whan that distinct these places cam to be,  
Metheought I saw the chancel of a churche,  
That al with mony flueres was bedighte,  
That mingled softly with the mony lighte.  
Soon down the aisle the bridesmaydes cam,  
And I right wel perceived them to he  
Four maydes—Chesnutt, Bryan, Plique, and Neil;  
After these the bryde to the organ's peal,  
That Leonora Bailey was y highte;  
And as I look al faded is the lighte,  
And once again I see a straunge myste.  
Whan that these lift, I'll tellen if you lyste  
How in the mirour's clear expacion

Of a theatre lies the reflexion.

Ther syteyng in a box, in gowne of silke,  
New Yorke's belle, ne other than the ilke

Miss Bebe Goans, known of old by me:  
And by hir sat the Duchess Pompadouri,  
Née Bessie Whiteman. Noun the curtain rist,  
Swish grete applause, ne was ther noon, I wist,  
As Florence Goode, the prima donna, met,  
Whan Misses Heard and Bergman entered yet,





It seemed that the people wilde would go.  
 Again the mirour changeth. Soft and low  
 In a convent chapelle burned the lightes,  
 Ther stand two nonnes chanting full softly  
 "Salve Regina," in the lightes faynte  
 I see the lifted faces, like a saynte,  
 Of Laura Malone and Mary Summye.  
 The tapers flicker and to darkness hye;  
 And whan I look agan, I see the ringes  
 Of a circus; horses fast, as on wings  
 Go gricken round hem. On the back of one  
 Is Alice Carroll, excelled by none.  
 Upon a stande that was y raised highe  
 Is Agnes Bennett; round about hir nighne  
 Lye mony wrythen snaks, both grete and smal,  
 And she by magic arts doth charm them al.  
 Now doth a clown enter most hastily,  
 And speaken out both loud and lustily,  
 That all the folken may but wait and see  
 Rowena Carter dancen gracefully  
 And Gertrude Sokolosky fortunes tell,

And promyses that each shal com true wel.  
 Amazed at the fortunes these hadde made,  
 I was nat ware whan the mirage did fayde;  
 Whan I looked agan, did I behold  
 Ward chapelle, so familiar of old.  
 Mr. Blanton was making the announcement  
 That Miss Craig for the pupils' entertainment  
 Wolde now hem addresse on Woman's Rightes;  
 Than they clapped hir hands with al hir mighte.  
 And in a chair a former teacher sat in  
 Was John Malone, now teacher of Latin;  
 And in Miss Chapman's chair was Clara Park,  
 Who had in literature made grete mark.  
 As in an houreglas, turnt by som hande,  
 From one into another runs the sande,  
 So slowly did the scenes pass from view,  
 And as slowly my mynde received the newe.  
 I saw a lonely stretche of desert vaste,  
 Which did a winding river bynd y faste,  
 Upon whose bank were cities ruinèd low,  
 That told the tale of splendors long ago;  
 Ther I beheld the famous Gizeh groupe,  
 And close beside the gretest pyramid stoop,  
 The well-known forme of Mary Tom Odil,  
 Who for obscure facts was huntaryng stille;



Upon a stone nigh hir y sat Ruth Guise,  
Who ever sketched the sphinx'e's tender eyes,  
That she hem for illustraciones myghte  
Use in a book for mankinde's delyghte,  
Which was by Gail Willis now being y write,  
In which were mony sayings wyse and witty.  
Now the ruines and alle fayde away,  
As when darkness descends at end of day,  
And in hir place a street hoth brode and wyde,  
Ther stande two women unseen by the tyde  
Of human life ther surging to and fro;  
And, looking, I saw them to be na mo  
Than Lucile Satterwhite and Sarah Morgan,  
With hem a monkey dancen to an organ.  
Doun the street cam a woman, war and wyse,  
A sergeant-at-law, who Mary Sanders ys;  
Near, Bertha Rauscher leads with al hir myghte  
An army that salvation was y hyghte.  
Now over street and people passen bye,  
The mystes com, and then I see on hyghe  
A marble slab in honor of the memory  
Of a gretten school of philosophy,  
Founded that mortals myghten y see  
Why of al cheese green should preferred be

By him who in the moon his dayes spend,  
And to this wisdom maydes four attend;  
And on the slab thir names are cutted clean—  
Misses Morton, Simpson, Cross, and McLean.  
And now of a battle I see the field,  
A flag I see y floaten in the lighte,  
Bearing red crosse embossed on fielde of white;  
Round about it the wounded lay full low,  
And softly ministering among them go  
Valery Trudeau with sweet wordes of cheere;  
And Ethel Webb, who, wypen mony a tear,  
Gives hope and comfort to heavy hertes.  
And now methought that in the glas I see  
A station in which mony folkes he.  
A woman see I in the restless throng,  
Upon whom my gaze was y fastened loug;  
'Bout hir sholders a faded shawl she wore,  
And neath hir arm a cotton sunshade bore,  
A carpetbag, bandbox, and parrot cage,  
Divers parcels, and a cat of advanced age—  
Al these she held y claspèd in hir armes;  
And by hir features, frightened and uncalm,



I knew Amelia Dudley she must he.  
Not far from hir a widre I trespye  
A trety's forme in somber robe y clad,  
A widre's veil was heft from hir fas sade;  
That she once Sadie Warner was I knew,  
But now " Mrs. Smith " was the name, I trew,  
That written was full fair and fetichly  
Upon the malle hir mayde held ful semely.  
Now slowly fade the throngen people weye,  
And that ys all; ther ys na moore to seye.

MARTHA STOKES BUFORD.



# Sophomore

1901 1902

**MOTTO:**  
"Onward."

**COLORS:**  
Lavender and White.

**FLOWER:**  
Lavender and White Sweet Peas.

**YELL:**

Rickety rah ! Rickety boom !  
We're the ducks from Ward's schoolroom.  
Quackety quack ! Boomety roar !  
We're the Class of Nineteen and Four !



**OFFICERS**

MARGARET McDONALD . . . President  
NELLIE MALONE FALL . . Vice President  
SHIRLEY CUMMINS . . . . . Secretary  
SARA DOUGLAS . . . . . Treasurer

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

MABEL BRYAN  
ESTHER CARTER  
SHIRLEY CUMMINS  
ERMINA DAVIS  
SARA DOUGLAS  
NELL. FALL  
NONA HAGGARD  
EDITH HAGGARD  
CLARA HARGRAVE  
VIVA HARRISON  
EULA JONES  
ROSE LOWRIE



CLARA KELLY  
DARDIS McDANIEL  
MARGARET McDONALD  
LOU ELLEN MILLARD  
IRENE MORGAN  
ELIZABETH MURRAY  
MARY D. O'NEIL  
MARY LILLY PRICE  
LOUISE STACEY  
MARY TILLMAN  
MARY TUCKER  
MARY LOUISE WARNER



WARD SEMINARY.



ONWARD

1902

Sophomore Class.

© Charles A. Ross



## Sophomore Nonsense

(The only kind of sense the Sophomores have)



QUERY: Why is it that Mabel Bryan prefers "Berrys" above all other fruit?

Esther Carter informed us the other day that there is no royal road to learning; even Carnegie gets there by degrees.

Shirley Cummins has been requested not to snore so loud in literature on Mondays. She wakes the rest of us up.

Ermine Davis is strictly partial to "Allbright" people.

Why does Sara Douglas persist in liking Chocolate Menier? It is a well-known fact that Sara has a Will of her own.

We have great hopes of Nell Fall's becoming the poet of the class, especially on alliteration. The following is an extract from her masterpiece:

"Once a cute, coquettish cow,  
Gamboling gayly on the green,  
Heard a big black dog say, 'Wow,'  
And scampered off the sylvan scene."



TEACHER: "Miss Nona Haggard, you must not use slang."

MISS NONA HAGGARD: "Well, I had rather two-step off the earth, rattling my grandma's teeth, and then go away back and sit down."

Miss Edith Haggard, ditto.

What makes Clara Hargrave so inquisitive? She has hopes of being a "Pryor."

MISS CHAPMAN: "Miss Viva Harrison, which one of Dickens' novels had you rather read?"

MISS HARRISON: "'Rip Van Winkle.'"

Eula Jones claims, especially when she is waltzing, that she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

ROSE LOWRIE (translating French): "This dainty elephant flapped his wings and flew away."

Clara Kelly is suffering from an attack of alarming surprise. All the electric lights were turned on at once the other day, and stayed on for five minutes.

Dardis McDaniel said she did not know she was such a "swell" girl until she had the mumps.

Margaret McDonald hasn't lost her religion reading Milton, as she informed us she was starting out as a missionary in the field of love.

Lon Ellen Millard's latest accomplishment is sitting in front of the looking-glass painting her own picture.

Irene Morgan, who is our bureau of information, said that a "wise old saw" was one that had cut its wisdom teeth.

TEACHER: "Elizabeth Murray, if your father gave you \$100 and your mother gave you \$10, what would you have?"

MISS MURRAY: "A fit."

Mary D. O'Neil, our second Mrs. Malaprop, said her cold was fast turning into ammonia.

MARY LILLY PRICE (in one of the large dry-goods stores): "How much are these fifteen-cent powder puffs?"

MISS JENNINGS (to Sophomore History Class): "Know thyself."

MARY TILLMAN (in an undertone to Sara Douglas): "Don't! The time you would waste would suffice to make many more agreeable acquaintances."

TEACHER: "Does the lesson go down through the fifteenth verse?"

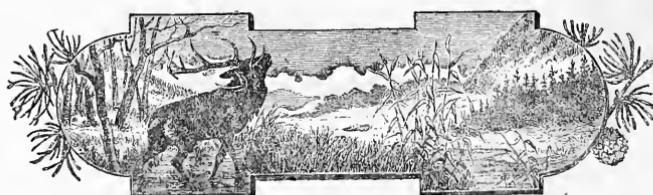
MARY TUCKER—"No'm; it goes down to the sixteenth."

Why is Mary Louise Warner so fond of singing "Weezie?"

Because it is a "Meek" song.

LOUISE STACEY (Ward's walking ? point)—"What is a four-legged quadruped?"

The Sophomore Class begs the teachers not to sink into the depths of despair about them, but to cheer up; for the worst is yet to come.





# Freshman



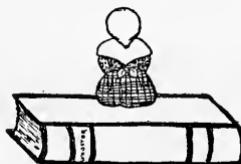
MOTTO: Excelsior.  
FLOWER: Pink Carnation.  
COLORS: Pink and Green.



## Officers



MARY W. FRAZER	President
ANNA COOPER	Vice President
MARY VIRNA COLEY	Secretary
ANNA TREADWELL BLANTON	Treasurer



Mary Virna Coley

## Freshman Class

**MARY FRAZER.**

In ourselves are triumph and defeat.

**MARY SUE CUMMINS.**

Be noble in every thought and deed.

**JESSIE SMITH.**

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

**IRENE KIRKPATRICK.**

Obstinacy is the argument of fools.

**MARY BELL.**

A still tongue shows a wise head.

**SUSIE WILKES.**

The more lazy a man is, the more time he will spend in prophesying.

**P**

**ELLEN SELMAN.**

All things come to him who waits.

**R**

**VIRNA COLBY.**

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

**O**

**MARGARET YARBROUGH.**

Conversation makes a ready man.

**V**

**SARA CORBETT.**

Do not delay; the golden moments fly.

**E**

**SARAH MORGAN.**

Taste the joy that springs from labor.

**R**

**ANNA BLANTON.**

Patience unties the hardest knots.

**LOUISE FRITH**

**B**

**CLARE VALENTINO.**

The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.

**MARGARET FALL.**

Two heads are better than one.

**S**

**AMELIA SAWRIE.**

Custom does reason overrule.

**LUCILE BAREFIELD.**

All earnestness in some degree is eloquence.

**BONITO HINTON.**

The mill cannot grind with water that has passed.

**REBA WILLIS.**

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!

**HELEN HINTON.**

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.

**ANNE RICHARDSON.**

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

**ANNA COOPER.**

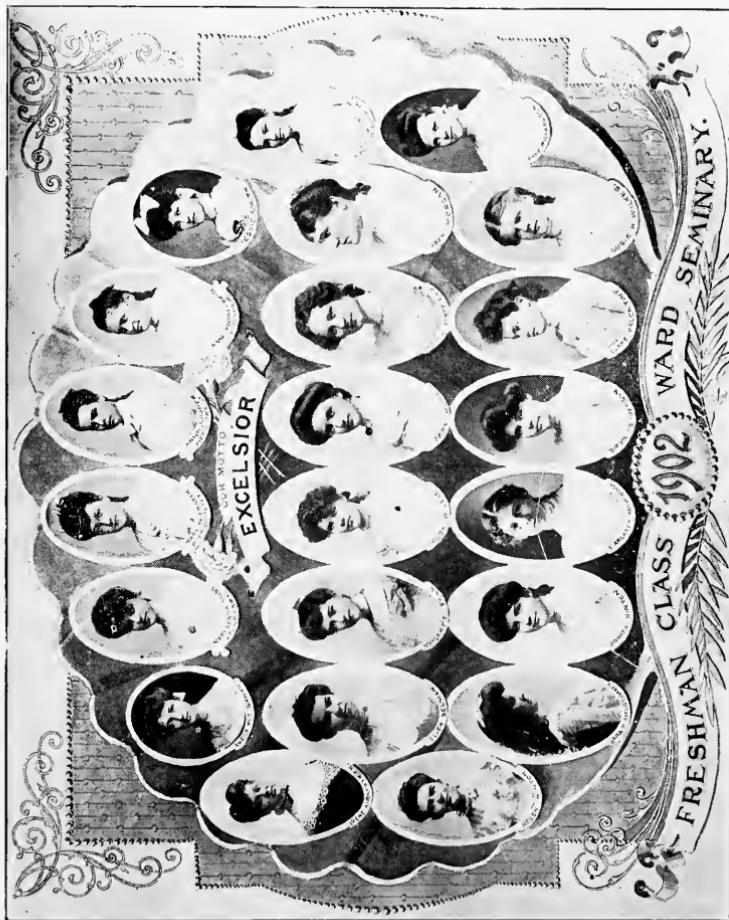
A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

**NANNIE MAY COX.**

Talkers are no good doers.

**BYRD HENDERSON.**

A good heart is worth gold.





The freshman, staring at a  
Senior's Psychology, wonders  
what such a curiously-named  
book means —

But we have all been a  
freshman!



COLOR: Violet.

FLOWER: Violet.

MOTTO:

"Get wisdom get understanding."



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### Officers



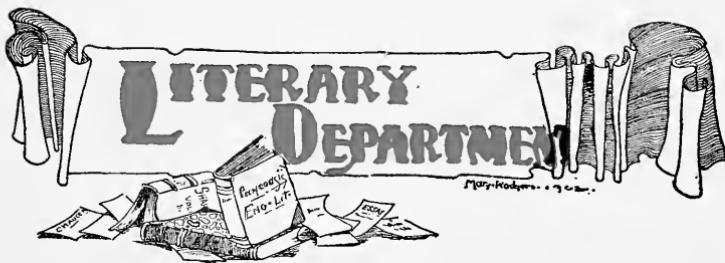
ETHEL CHAPPELL	President
NANNIE OVERTON	Vice President
LILLIAN SMITH	Secretary
ALICE CARROLL	Treasurer

### Members



VIRNA COLBY	REBA WILLIS	THEO. SCRUGGS
BONITO HINTON	MARGARET YARBROUGH	NANNIE OVERTON
HELEN HINTON	KATHLEEN CARR	ALICE CARROLL
ANNA COOPER	AMELIA SAWRIE	LILLIAN SMITH
ANNA BLANTON	KATIE MAY LANDRUM	ETHEL CHAPPELL





# Memory

## I.

She comes when the heat of a noisy day  
Has sunk in the reddening west,  
And the faint star whiteness of the night  
Lulls all the earth to rest.

## II.

For the twilight hour is loved by her—  
My queen with the shining brow;  
And at her tread sweet, perfumed buds  
Embossom ev'ry bough.

## III.

But ever she comes when the moon is new,  
And ever she leans on my weary breast,  
And in her eyes a nameless thing  
Which may not weep nor rest.



## IV.

The crown of my queen is gemmed with pearls,  
Which dim and glow with the passing years;  
But oftentimes, when she looks on me,  
I think that they are tears.

## V.

She brings the breath of meadow flowers,  
A single rose in her floating hair;  
And when I search my lonely heart,  
I find its fragrance there.

## VI.

But ever she comes when the moon is new,  
And ever she leans on my weary breast,  
And in her eyes a nameless thing  
Which may not weep nor rest.

GARNET NOEL.

## Une Conspiration dans les Nuages

\* \* \*



Il y avait une fois une conspiration dans les airs. Les enfants d'un nuage se lassèrent de leur vie oisive, alors ils se décidèrent à accomplir une besogne plus élevée.

Ils s'entendirent entre eux qu'ils se laisseraient choir sur la terre. Naturellement chacun devait avoir sa mission à remplir. Quelques-uns se proposèrent d'arroser les lèvres des fleurs et des plantes. D'autres voulurent se vouer à des devoirs plus matériels. Ils consentirent à donner la nourriture aux légumes et à aider à l'homme de cette manière. Quand tout ça avait été décidé il y avait beaucoup de ces enfants de cristal qui n'aimaient pas leurs missions.

Enfin, un des plus sages éleva sa voix et dit: "Mes enfants, je confesse que ce serait sans doute un devoir doux que de soigner les fleurs, l'essence des choses créées par le Bon Dieu!" Il n'y a rien qui puisse faire plus de bien que d'assister l'homme, l'image de Dieu! Je propose que nous nous consacrons à la formation de fleurs et de ruisseaux. Puisque les eaux sont si grandes nos actions passeront inaperçues.

Toutes les autres gouttes écoutèrent et s'inclinèrent en révérence. Alors elles adoptèrent ce dernier project. Ainsi à chaque enfant fut donné une mission, qui le rendit heureux.

Le nuage leur donna sa bénédiction. Après ça les gouttes de pluie se dispersèrent. Ainsi l'accomplissement de nos modestes devoirs leur donne de l'éclat selon la bonne volonté que nous y mettons et après tout, c'est dans le devoir que nous trouvons le contentement de l'âme, du moment que nous nous en acquittons consciencieusement.

FEDORA JONAS.

## Ein Ostern-Vergißmeinnicht.

**N**u der Nacht vor Ostern, als ein armes kleines Mädchen in den Straßen Berlins umher wanderte, kam sie zu einem großen Hofe. Sie ging hinein und dort im Mondeslichte konnte sie sehen, wo die Kinder des reichen Eigentümers dieses Hauses die Nester für die Ostereier gemacht hatten, aber Herr Kaninchen war noch nicht gekommen, und daher waren die Nester noch leer. „Nun“, dachte das kleine Mädchen, „ich werde auf Herrn Kaninchen warten. Ich habe ihn nie gesehen. Ich habe nie ein Osterei gehabt und ich hoffe, daß das Kaninchen mir vielleicht ein kleines Ei geben wird.“

Daher legte sie sich nieder und bald war sie fest eingeschlafen. „Ob das wohl Herr Kaninchen sei“, dachte sie, „Ja, das ist er. Sieh, wie er springt.“

Das Kaninchen sah das Kind und ging gleich zu ihm. „Sind Sie“, fragte das Kind, „wirklich Herr Kaninchen, der den reichen Kindern Ostereier bringt?“ „Ganz gewiß“, sagte er, „der bin ich, aber ich war es nicht immer. Ich war einst ein kleiner Knabe“. „Ein Knabe?“, fragte das Kind erstaunt. „Ja“, sagte er, „ich lebte mit meinen Eltern in einem Schlosse an dem Flusse Rhein. Wir lebten glücklich zusammen, bis die schlimme Fee „Bosheit“ kam. Meine Eltern hatten keine Mühe gespart, meine Taufe sehr fröhlich zu machen und hatten daher keine bösen Feen zum Kindtaufschmaus eingeladen. Darüber war die Bosheit sehr zornig und als ich einmal allein außerhalb der Mauern unseres Schlosses spielte, ergriff sie mich und verwandelte mich sofort in ein Kaninchen.“

„Müssen Sie ewig ein Kaninchen bleiben?“ fragte das Mädchen. „Nein“, sagte das Kaninchen, „die Bosheit verzauberte meine gute Fee, die in einem Vergißmeinnicht lebte, und legte sie in ein Osterei. Wenn das Ei geöffnet wird, werde ich sofort umgewandelt werden. Daher erwarte ich jeden Ostern meine Befreiung. Aber nun muß ich dich verlassen, mein liebes Kind.“

Die Kleine war ganz erstaunt, daß er von ihr gegangen sei, ehe sie daran gedacht hatte, ihn um ein Osterei zu bitten. Plötzlich hörte sie ein Geräusch und als sie aufschauthe, sah sie einige Kinder in der Nähe.

Als dieselben sie sahen, führten sie die Kleine in das Haus. Dort bekam sie ein gutes Mahl und zu ihrer Freude gaben sie ihr ein Osterei.

Darauf wollte sie nicht länger bleiben und ging sofort. Als sie davon ging, hielt sie ihren Schatz in beiden Händen. Aber oh weh! Als sie auf die Straße kam, ließ sie es fallen und es zerbrach. Da fing das Mädchen zu weinen an, aber sie sah ein blaues Blümchen, welches ihr zulächelte und „Vergißmeinnicht“ sang.

Da erinnerte sich das Mädchen der Worte des Kaninchens und plötzlich erschien ein Ritter und dankte ihm von ganzem Herzen, weil es ihn befreit hatte.

In einigen Jahren machte der Ritter das Mädchen zu seiner Gemahlin und auf ihren Verlobungsringen war das Wort „Vergißmeinnicht“ eingeprägt.

Lillian Smith.

## One Evidence of Romanticism Among the Seniors

• •



E was a very fresh Sophomore of Vanderbilt, and she was a very dignified Senior of Ward, and things happened in this wise: Each morning, a few minutes after the town clock struck eight, somewhere in the vicinity of the new station this tender Sophomore and this wise Senior passed each other on the road to their respective schools. It began thus in September, and these two passed with only an interested glance at one another.

Toward the latter part of October, one morning she dropped her scratch book, and he hastened to pick it up. With a quick glance at the name at the top of it, he bowed and handed it to her. He was rewarded with a smile and a "So kind of you." The next morning they bowed.

Several days after this episode, the Senior had some work which started her to school a few minutes earlier than usual; so she was obliged to pass the station before the Sophomore made his appearance. Lo! what was her astonishment when she reached the gate of her alma mater to find him there chatting in a most friendly manner with one of Ward's Juniors, whom she had hitherto considered a "pert and forward piece!" She has never since been heard to speak in any but the most glowing terms of the little Junior; for the sweet thing (who can say she wasn't bribed?) stopped the Senior, and, with a bright smile, said: "I want you to know my cousin."

After this the Vanderbiltite started to school in the morning a little earlier than customary, and, upon meeting the Senior, turned and retraced his steps, by her side, as far as the Seminary gate.

This delicious state of things continued until one blustering March morning the wind blew into these two young hearts the seed of discord. Now, the night before, the Senior had experienced a mighty struggle with the allegory of "Faust" and that of "Prometheus Unbound;" hence, on this morning, her temper was by no means a sweet one. At the gate, "with bitter words, they parted." The following morning the Senior considered it necessary to take a car. "One can't possibly walk with this high wind blowing one to pieces so," she re-

flected. Strange, indeed, she had never before thought of this, and it not the first very windy morning of the season!

In spite of the gradual diminishing of her pocket money, she continued to take the car each day. One particular morning March had borrowed from April a rainy day, and all the habitual pedestrians were compelled to ride. Therefore when, burdened with books, music roll, and umbrella, the "most potent, grave, and reverend Senior" boarded the car, not a seat was vacant. She was clutching wildly at a strap to steady herself, when she heard a most familiar voice at her side say: "Do have this seat!" She turned, and beheld the Sophomore. "Thanks, but you needn't trouble yourself," she replied, coldly, and grabbed in vain at the strap just as the car gave a sudden lurch. Down fell the Senior in the recently-vacated seat, and her books, umbrella, and music were scattered about the car. Very gallantly the Sophomore gathered together her goods and chattels, but did not return them to their owner. She was silent, though she was inwardly yearning to know why he was traveling in the wrong direction. Now, this Senior was not conceited. Had she been, she would readily have answered this mental question, and correctly, too. The conductor called: "Ward!" "I'll take my things now, please," the Senior said, rather meekly. "That's all right," was all he answered, and politely helped her off the car. At the gate she held out her hands for her belongings. "You can hardly come in, you know." He had gone only a few steps when he heard a faint "Wait a minute" from the gate. "I want to tell you how sorry—"

Five minutes after, the little Junior, hurrying in at the gate, beheld a most ludicrous picture. The smiling Senior and the beaming Sophomore were blissfully unconscious of the mud beneath and the water above until a very audible giggle from the Junior made them hurry away to their respective posts.

For two people, at least, the weather prophecy was incorrect for that day. The weather was perfect. THEODORA SCRUGGS.



## MY LADY



A face of lily purity;  
A cheek of faint wild rose,  
Where a deep'ning flush of color comes  
With ev'ry wind that blows.

Eyes, merry, blue, and liquid sweet,  
Like stars on a summer night  
That glow in the quiet, dark'ning sky,  
With radiance soft and bright.



A mouth of tender, drooping curve;  
A smile, both sweet and gay,  
That cheers my hours of deepest gloom  
And turns my night to day.

All these, and a slender, graceful form;  
A step as light as air;  
A heart as pure as the sweet, white rose—  
This is my lady fair.

ETHEL CHAPPELL.

# Serenade of the Elves

## Prelude

I.



OW hie away, ye summer elves,  
To gain my lady's bowers,  
And lightly tread as western wind  
Among the sleeping flowers.

II.

Bring violin, harp, and light guitar,  
Nor leave the merry flute.  
Woo you my love with horn and lyre;  
And you, with tender lute.

III.

Nor rudely break her slumber light,  
But weave her dreams among  
The tender notes that fain my heart  
In ev'ry thought hath rung!



## Song

I.

Sleep, my love, for darkness stealeth  
O'er the dome of ev'ning's gray;  
Sleep until the ruddy starlight  
Fades athwart the breast of day.  
Sleep!

II.

Sleep and dream of endless summer,  
Where the primrose, pearly with dew,  
Gleams across the silver moonbeams  
Shining in the marsh-mist blue.  
Sleep! Sleep!

III.

Round my lady's bower are circling  
Chains of fireflies—gleaming gold—  
Fairy guards of bower and castle  
Bearing torches on the wold.

IV.

Elfin forms among the roses  
Cull the perfumes sweet and rare—  
Cull them for the fragrant tresses  
Of my lady's falling hair!  
Sleep!

V.

Sleep, my love, and may the angels  
Guard thee till the break of day;  
Sleep until the rosy dawning  
Breaks to light the dreams away.  
Sleep! Sleep!

GARNET NOEL.

## When We Have a Lecture at Ward



IVE BELLS! A current of excitement runs through the pupils of Ward Seminary. We are to have a lecture. Those girls who were fortunate enough to have been in the chapel during the period which has just closed know, or at least have heard the rumor, of the important event. We, who were at recitation, or on the gallery, or washing our hands (a very popular—and, by the way, necessary—occupation), know nothing of it, but hurry with one accord toward the center of action, the chapel.

There we find everything in confusion. The Seniors are leaving their dignified station in the rear of the room to sit among the Freshmen, that they may the better hear the learned discourse; the Primaries are being seated; and the teachers come down to dwell among us, and learn how uncomfortable hard desks are even for that short time.

Everything is quiet again in a few moments. Professor Blanton soon comes upon the rostrum from the reading room at the left, followed by the lecturer himself, whom he introduces to the school. Then it is that we are supposed to burst into applause.

After the din has subsided, the lecturer commences his address. There are many ways of beginning. He sometimes tells us he has had only a little while to prepare his discourse, and is, therefore, unprepared; or he greets us in declaring that he is delighted to see so many bright, happy faces; but generally he begins in that easy, jovial manner which attracts and holds the attention of his hearers. When his lecture is on some specific point which we have studied, we listen with added interest.

Sometimes we lean back in our seats and drink in leisurely what he is saying; while at other times we sit bolt upright and, with a very businesslike air, take down notes.

There are two senses of pleasure which come over us while we listen to a lecture; one is the consciousness that we are learning something, and the other (a very secondary joy) is the fact that we are missing some recitation which we probably have not prepared.

It is over all too soon, however, and Miss Jennings' bell brings us back to the reality of text-book work.

ANNA R. COLE.



## To You

\*\*

The song bird twists her tuneful throat,  
The daffodils are flecked with dew,  
The white bud deepens into rose,  
The meadow gleams with blossoms new.



The song bird twists her tuneful throat  
To trills and chirps of melody;  
The sweet world sings for newborn joy,  
I only sing for thee.

Upon each lip the note is love.  
The curving earth, the sunset sky,  
Meet with their links of gold and rose;  
You meet me with a sigh.

The purple hills are echo hung  
To catch the songs I may not hear;  
Your lips are sealed with winter's kiss,  
And mine with winter's tear.

GARNET NOEL.

## "Noblesse Oblige"

\*\*



UTSIDE the snow falls softly and unceasingly, covering the smoke-begrimed roofs with a veil of purity, piling white drifts in the corners, and clinging lovingly to the dark-brown curls of a tall young girl crossing the street.

Within the house toward which she is walking, the firelight flickers on the walls of a room furnished with exquisite taste. On a large armchair before the glowing grate sits a white-haired lady, so beautiful, with a face so full of tranquil sweetness and patience, that the very atmosphere about her breathes of peace and rest. The shadows come and go, falling on her silvery hair and the slender white hands folded quietly in her lap. She is looking into the fire; and, as she looks, a sigh parts her lips, and her brown eyes fill with tears.

"Four years ago to-morrow," she murmurs—"four years since Lily died, and to-morrow is her birthday."

The white head is bowed, and her lips move in silent prayer.

Somewhere in the house a door opens and shuts; there are quick, light steps in the hall, and a moment later the brown-haired girl comes in, with the snowflakes still on her hair and furs. The lady raises her head, and a welcoming smile lights up her face.

"O, grandma," a glad young voice cries, "guess the good news! Guess it quick, or I shall perish for want of a 'went' for my feelings."

"Why, Dolly, dear," her grandma answers, "I can think of nothing, except that you are at last going to college. Come here to the fire and tell me if I am right."

"Wisest of grannies, you are a regular Macbethian witch, minus the beard."

Dolly tosses her hat and wraps on the couch, and, coming forward, gives her grandmother a tempestuous kiss; then she settles herself at her feet, curling up on the rug like a kitten. As she rests her arms on the old lady's lap and looks up into her face, the two make a pretty picture in the firelight. The wrinkled hands smooth the tumbled locks caressingly, and the sweet old face is full of sympathetic interest; for there is a great love between the gentle woman and the harum-scarum girl.

Since the dark hour, four years before, when a young mother had, with a last effort, placed her child's hands in those which had so tenderly guided her own life and whispered, "Guard her for me," Dolly had

known no lack of love and care. All her childish griefs and joys, all the hopes and aspirations of growing girlhood, as well as its fun and frolic, had been shared by "grandma"—her comrade in pleasure; her refuge in trouble; her faithful, loving guide in all things. And now, as she looks into the happy brown eyes, a prayer of thankfulness rises in the grandmother's heart that as yet no real cloud has shadowed the bright young life.

"You see, most beloved of witches," continues Dolly, picking up the spectacles lying temptingly near and putting them on in a way that bids fair to send their owner to the oculist again shortly, "your granddaughter must have inherited some of your witchlike powers. Anyhow, by a judicious mixing of wheedling, threatening, and commanding, I have at last forced papa to surrender the long-besieged fort, with all its ammunition (greenbacks in this case). I have waylaid him in every conceivable place, from the front steps to the depot, and talked 'college' till I don't blame him for running off to St. Louis for one peaceful night. Finally, on the train just now, I gave him the finishing stroke by refusing to leave until he had promised." She laughs softly at the recollection, and adds: "Dear old daddy! He thought I was in earnest; and, as the train began to move, he lifted me bodily to the platform and said: 'Well, well, Queen! Have it your own way; you usually do, you know.' I called back to him that I wouldn't be a queen if I didn't. Isn't that so, grandma?" she concludes, looking up saucily. "Why—dear me!—what a grave face! I don't believe you have heard one word I have said."

Her grandmother smiles. "You know I was listening, Queen, and I am very, very glad for you; but I could not help thinking just then of poor Jennie Brown, and contrasting her sorrow with your happiness. You remember her? Well, yesterday the doctor told her that he could do nothing more for her; and, unless she can have a costly operation performed, she will be deformed and a helpless invalid the rest of her life. Of course they are too poor to think of such a thing, for it would cost several hundred dollars; so she must face her sad future as best she can. Ned—dear fellow!—wanted to help her, but he is not able. It has troubled me all day."

The gladness dies out of Dolly's face, and her eyes are dark and pitying as she turns them to the fire. There is silence for a long while; then she says, irrelevantly: "Grandma, do you remember how little Kittie Brent wouldn't enter her beautiful Persian cat with the other contestants for the prize, because she thought they would have no chance, as Fuzzy would be sure to win, and he was 'too noble?'" Somebody had explained to her the meaning of 'noblesse oblige,' and

she had applied it in her own little life. She wanted that prize with all her heart."

The old lady looks rather perplexed, but says nothing.

There is another long silence; then Dolly speaks again: "Grandma, when I jumped into the pond after Kittie and brought her out, nearly drowned, didn't some foolish person say I was a noble girl?"

"Yes, dear." Her grandmother is looking down at her, still perplexed; but a light begins to dawn upon her as Dolly, drawing a long, deep breath, rises and shakes herself, as if a burden had fallen from her shoulders.

"Well, dearest," Dolly says, gayly, though her eyes are suspiciously bright, "I find that I must give up my prize, too."

She turns and walks quickly to the window; her grandmother follows and puts an arm about her neck. They are very still for a few moments, and then a tremulous voice says, softly: "To-morrow is mamma's birthday; I'll ask papa to let me carry my college money to Jennie, then. She would be glad, I know."

The old lady draws her closer, kisses her once very gently; and then they stand together looking out, with tear-dimmed eyes, beyond the snow-covered garden, where a slender white shaft gleams in the gathering twilight.

LAURA MALONE.



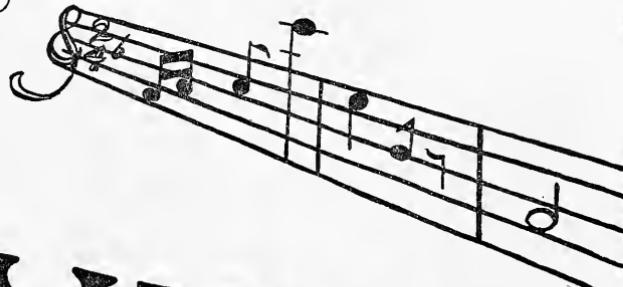


?

A teacher chanced in Bible Class  
To take a Senior's book.  
Sad tale! She found the leaves uncut;  
She gave that girl a look.

"The situation needs no words,  
The truth's hung out its sign:  
I can't read through an uncut page;  
I read between the lines."

"On such a thing as this," said she,  
"I firmly put my foot;  
You know full well I gave no leave  
To leave the leaves uncut!"



# MUSIC





#### GRADUATES IN PIANO

ELIZABETH CLOPTON, Arkansas

ALICE COONS, Alabama

LUCILE FRIZZELL, Texas

LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky

FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee

LESLIE VIRGINIA LATTA, Tennessee

MARY STROUD ROGERS, Tennessee

#### GRADUATES IN VOICE

CALISTA ELIZABETH BAILEY, Tennessee

MINNIE MERLE REED, Tennessee

NITA RICE, Tennessee

LOUISE WARREN, Tennessee



## STARR CHORUS CLASS

MISS GRAY ACREE GATLIN	President
MISS IRENE RUSSELL	Vice President
MISS NITA RICE	Secretary
MISS ELIZABETH LAMB	Treasurer
MR. CHARLES WANZER STARK	Director
<b>SOPRANOS</b>	
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MISS HANNA M. BROWN	MISS BERTHA BARBER
MISS GRETCHEN BUCHHOLZ	MISS MARTHA BUFORD
MISS GERTRUDE CARTER	MISS ANNA RUSSELL COLE
MISS ELIZABETH COLLIER	MISS GRAY ACREE GATLIN
MISS MARY T. COOLIDGE	MISS BERTIE GOANS
MISS LENORE CRÄMER	MISS KERA GOLDSMITH
MISS JENNIE LOUISE DAVISON	MISS BERTHA McELROY
MISS RUBY FOWLER	MISS MABEL LEE MCFERRIN
MISS FLORENCE GOODE	MISS MARY SUE MEADORS
MISS BESSEY HEELEY	MISS LILLIA LYNN MORTON
MISS EULA JONES	MISS NETTIE LEE PICKETT
MISS LEILA JONES	MISS MINNIE REED
MISS MARY BELLE JONES	MISS NITA RICE
MISS ELIZABETH LAMB	MISS KATIE BELLE SELPH
MISS KATIE MAY LANDRUM	MISS MAUD SANDERS
MISS AGNES LITTLE	MISS LOUIE SHAFER
MISS ANNIE MATISON	MISS MAEHL STEERE
MISS LEAH MARKEL	MISS CARRIE STEVENSON
MISS MAE DEE MOORE	MISS MARY SUMMERY
MISS MAMIE PRATT	MISS ESSIE TISDALE
MISS MABEL ROWELL	MISS EMMA WALKER
MISS IRENE RUSSELL	
MISS ALICE SHORT	
MISS TOM SIMS	
MISS LILLIAN SIMPSON	
MISS LULA TURC	
MISS ETTA TWERSKY	
MISS LOUISE WARREN	
MISS ANNA E. WILLIAMS	
<b>BASSOS</b>	
MR. DOUGLAS M. WRIGHT	
MR. JOHN R. JACKSON	
MR. D. LUTHER LACY	
MR. ERSKINE REED	
MR. BUIST SHWAB	
<b>TENORS</b>	
MR. J. D. ANDREWS	
MR. FRED. BROWN	
MR. FRANK CARR	
MR. CHAS. P. COONEY, JR.	
MR. ROBERT LYLE	
MR. JUSTIN THATCHER	

*Dedicated with the tenderest memories to Mary Miller Blanton,  
who "fell asleep" July 29, 1901.*

## "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

Words by Mrs. Browning.

Music by Lulu L. Randle.

He will give His be - lov - ed,



Moderato.

His be - lov - ed sleep, Will give His be - lov - ed

Cresc.

sleep, He giv - eth His be - lov - - ed.....

sleep..... Of all the words of  
Ay, men may won - der  
And friends, dear friends, when



God that are Borne in - - ward.....  
while they can, A liv - - ing,.....  
it shall be That this low.....

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP." Continued.

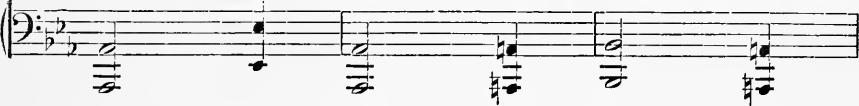
3



think - - ing feel - - ing man; Con - found in  
heath is gone from me; And round my



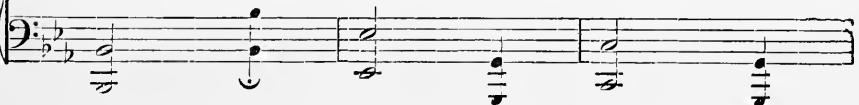
Psalm - ist's mu - sic deep, A - long the Psalm - ist's mu - sic  
such a rest to keep. Con - found in such a rest to  
bier ye come to weep, And round my bier ye come to



deep, his mu - sic deep; Now tell me if that an - y  
keep, a rest to keep; But an - gels say and think the  
weep, ye come to weep; Let one most lov - ing of you



Ritard.



is for gift of grace Sur - pass - ing this?  
 word I think this hap - py voice is heard;  
 all say "not a tear must o'er her fall;

Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-  
 Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-  
 Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-



- 74 -

*p*

lov - - ed sleep.....  
 lov - - ed sleep.....  
 lov - - ed sleep.....

Ritard.

lov - - ed sleep.....  
 lov - - ed sleep.....  
 lov - - ed sleep.....

*pp*

Ritard.

# Sigma Omega Two-Step.

**ALICE COONS.**

## INTRODUCTION.

The image shows a musical score for two staves (treble and bass) in 6/8 time. The title 'INTRODUCTION.' is at the top. The score is divided into five systems, each consisting of two measures. The treble staff features a variety of note patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes with slurs and grace notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. Various musical markings are present, such as 'p' (piano), dynamic markings, and performance instructions like 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'accel.' (accelerando). The music is a continuous flow of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.



Musical score for two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time. Measures 1-5 show a continuous pattern of eighth and sixteenth note chords, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

Musical score for two staves (treble and bass). The key signature changes to A major (no sharps or flats). Measures 6-10 feature a more complex harmonic progression with various chords and rhythmic patterns.

THE  
IRIS  
- 76 -

Musical score for two staves (treble and bass). The key signature changes to E major (one sharp). Measures 11-15 continue the harmonic progression with various chords and rhythmic patterns.

Musical score for two staves (treble and bass). The key signature changes to A major (no sharps or flats). Measures 16-20 show a continuation of the harmonic progression with various chords and rhythmic patterns.

Musical score for two staves (treble and bass). The key signature changes to E major (one sharp). Measures 21-25 conclude the harmonic progression with various chords and rhythmic patterns.

THE  
IRIS  
- 77 -

THE  
IRIS  
-78-

1

2

D. C.

# SENIOR CLASS SONG.

Words by AGNES O'BRYAN.

Music by FEDORA JONAS.

1. We're soon to leave this  
2. And as our way thro'  
3. And though the world from

Moderato.

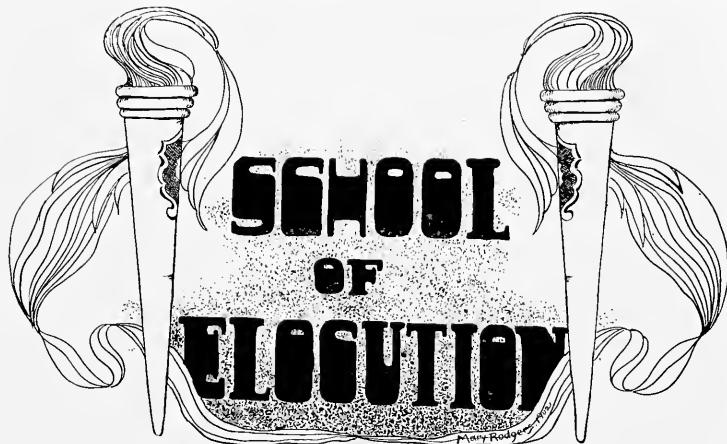
dear old place, In ma - ny ways the world to face, Wher-e'er we are, what -  
life we wend, When-e'er we meet an old school friend, We'll strike on sweet, fa -  
us may take Some things that hap - pi - ness will make, Our grat - i - tude to

THE  
IRIS  
- 79 -

e'er we see, We'll ev - er, Ward's, re - mem - ber thee, Wher -  
mil - iar chords, And sing of all thy glo - ries, Ward's, We'll  
thee, dear friend, We will pre - serve till life doth end, Our

e'er we are, what - e'er we see, We'll ev - er, Ward's, re - mem - ber thee.  
strike on sweet, fa - mil - iar chords, And sing of all thy glo - ries, Ward's.  
grat - i - tude to thee, dear friend, We will pre - serve till life doth end.





ELSIE WOODWORTH READ, Instructor

Students, 1901-1902

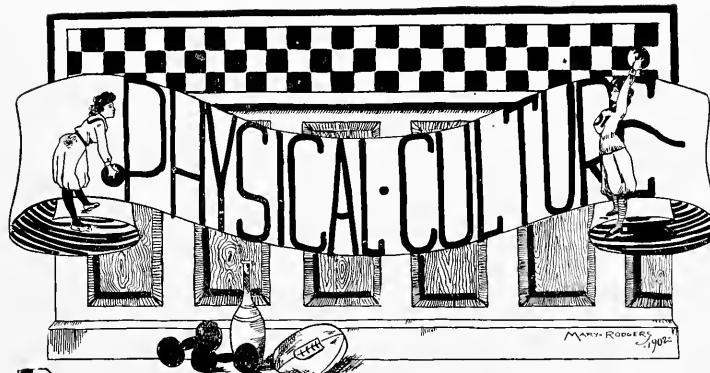


RUTH ALDRIDGE	
MARGERY CARUTHERS	
MABEL BRYAN	MARIE COCKE
ZULMA CROSS	MARY DIBRELL
LAURA ELLIOTT	ELOISE EWING
LOUISE BRIGHAM	LOUISE CHESNUTT
LILLIAN DEARING	ELIZABETH COLLIER
NELLIE FALL	ANNA FOREMAN
GRAY GATLIN	POLLY GRAHAM
BONITO HINTON	HELEN HINTON
MARY LOUISE LOVE	ELIZABETH HUGHES
EOLINE HOWZE	LIZZIE OTIS ROSE
ETTA LOWENTHAL	MAT DEE MOORE
BERTHA MCÉLROY	DANNIE YOUNG
JULIA RANSOM	ALICE RODES
LUCILE ROGERS	ORA SKILES
MARY HEARD	•TOM SIMS
MARY WHITE	ROSE WISE
SHIRLEY SKILLERN	
ELIZA TALLY	

<h3>Impersonation</h3> <p>"When Knighthood Was in Flower", Edwin Caskoden</p> <p>MARY LOUISE LOVE</p> <p><i>Characters:</i></p> <p>HENRY VII., King of England WOLSEY, Bishop of York CHARLES BRANDON, soldier, gentleman of the court, and suitor to Lady Mary SIR EDWIN CASKODEN, story-teller MARY TUDOR, sister to the King JANE BOLINGBROKE, lady in waiting to Mary Tudor Ladies of the court</p> <p>ACT I SCENE—How Brandon came to court</p> <p>ACT II SCENE—Love's fierce sweetness</p> <p>ACT III SCENE—A girl's consent</p>	<h3>Impersonation</h3> <p>"My Lady Peggy Goes to Town", Francis A. Mathews</p> <p>ELIZABETH HUGHES</p> <p><i>Characters:</i></p> <p>KENNASTON, OF KENNASTON, brother to Lady Peggy Burgoyne SIR PERCY DE BOHM, suitor to Lady Peggy HON. JACK CHALMERS, ! friends to Kennaston SIR WYATT LOVELL, LADY PEGGY BURGOYNE CHOCKEV, maid to Lady Peggy CHARWONAN</p> <p>ACT I SCENE—My Lady Peggy sends off her lover broken-hearted</p> <p>ACT II SCENE—My Lady Peggy goes to town</p> <p>ACT III SCENE—My Lady Peggy puts a noble young gentleman into an earthly paradise</p>
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<h3>Impersonation</h3> <p>"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" . . . . . Shakespeare</p> <p>GRAY ACREE GATLIN</p> <p><i>Characters:</i></p> <p>PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina HORTENSIO, friend to Petruchio BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua GRUMIO, 1) servants to Petruchio CURTIS, 2) servants to Petruchio KATHARINA, the Shrew, daughter to Baptista Gentlemen and servants</p> <p>ACT I SCENE—Padua. Baptista's Garden</p> <p>ACT II SCENE—Petruchio's Country House. The Public Road</p> <p>ACT III SCENE—Baptista's House</p>	<h3>Impersonation</h3> <p>"THE RIVALS" . . . . . Richard Brinsley Sheridan</p> <p>ROSE G. WISE</p> <p><i>Characters:</i></p> <p>SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, father to Capt. Jack Absolute CAPT. JACK ABSOLUTE, suitor to Lydia Languish FAULKLAND, friend to Capt. Jack Absolute BOB ACRES, suitor to Lydia Languish and friend to Capt. Jack Absolute SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, Irish gentleman, friend to Bob Acres MRS. MALAPROP LYDIA LANGUISH, niece to Mrs. Malaprop</p> <p>ACT I SCENE—Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings at Bath</p> <p>ACT II SCENE—Bob Acres' lodgings at Bath</p> <p>ACT III SCENE—King's Mead Fields, Bath</p>
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# B A S K E T B A L L



JESSIE KILGORE WARDLAW, Instructor

MOTTO: Mens sana in corpore sano.      COLORS: Navy Blue and Cardinal.

YELL:  
Razzle Dazzle! Gobble, Gobble!  
Sis, Boom, Bah!  
Basket ball, Basket ball,  
Rah, Rah, Rah!



## BASKET BALL TEAM

EOLINE HOWZE, Manager

GERTRUDE CARTER, Captain

GRAY GATLIN, BYRD HENDERSON, Forwards

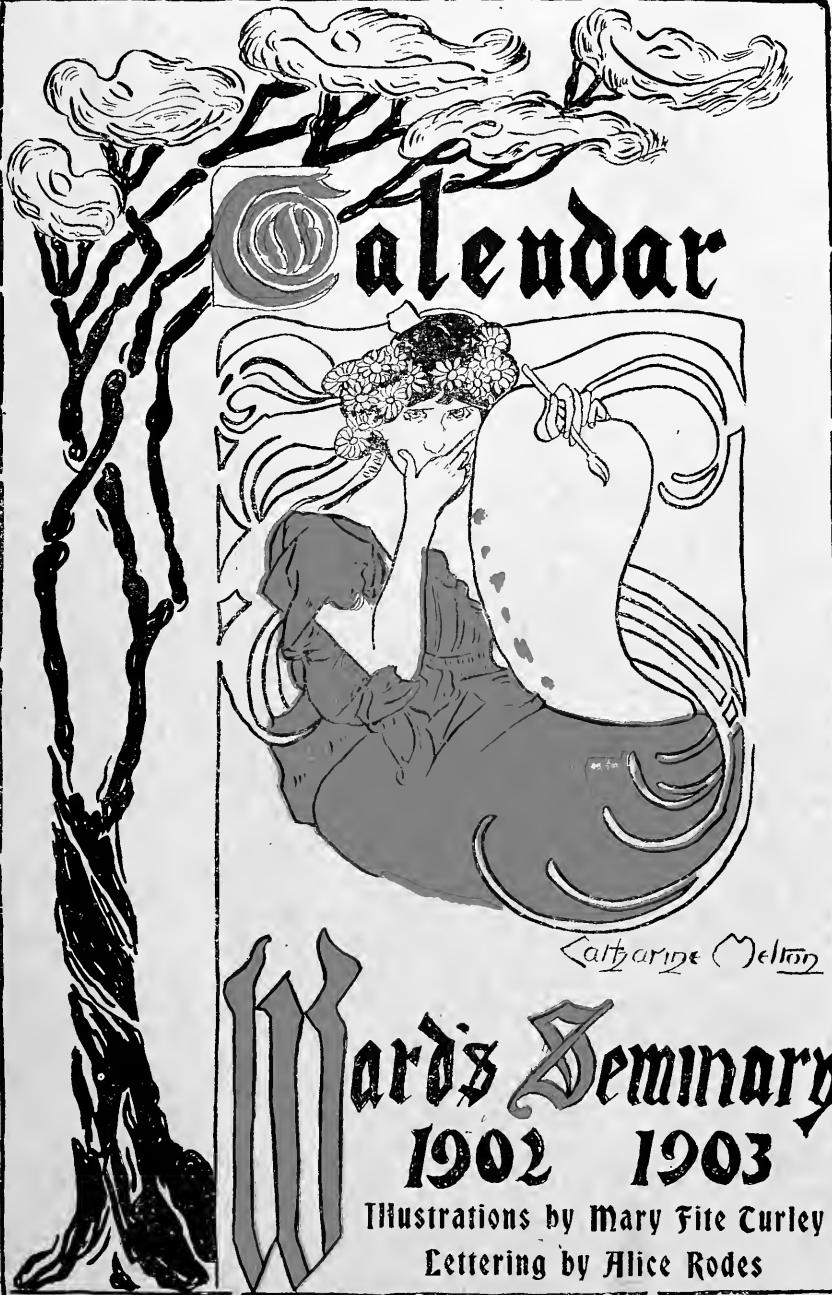
BLANCHE ARCHER, MABEL SCALES, Backs

VIVA HARRISON, VIRNA COLBY, Centers

## COMMENCEMENT EXHIBITION

1. Ring Drill	4. Hoop Drill
2. German Bell Exercise	5. Fancy March
3. Swedish Gymnastics	6. Club Swinging
7. Combination Bell and Wand Drill	





Calendar

Catherine Melton

Ward's Seminary  
1902 1903

Illustrations by Mary Fite Turley

Lettering by Alice Rodes



# January

1	Wednesday	€
2	Thursday	
3	Friday	
4	Saturday	
5	Sunday	
6	Monday	
7	Tuesday	
8	Wednesday	
9	Thursday	€
10	Friday	
11	Saturday	
12	Sunday	
13	Monday	
14	Tuesday	
15	Wednesday	
16	Thursday	
17	Friday	€
18	Saturday	
19	Sunday	
20	Monday	
21	Tuesday	
22	Wednesday	
23	Thursday	€
24	Friday	
25	Saturday	
26	Sunday	
27	Monday	
28	Tuesday	
29	Wednesday	
30	Thursday	
31	Friday	€



Montgomery

January brings more sport.



# February

1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	●
9	Sunday	
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	☽
16	Sunday	
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	☺
23	Sunday	
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	



Winter days made short by  
intimacy with Shakespeare  
and Milton.



MANUFACTURED

# March

1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	1
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	
9	Sunday	2
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	
16	Sunday	3
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	
23	Sunday	4
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	
29	Saturday	
30	Sunday	
31	Monday	



She becomes athletic

Mary E. Tolson



# April

1	Tuesday	¶
2	Wednesday	
3	Thursday	
4	Friday	
5	Saturday	
6	Sunday	
7	Monday	
8	Tuesday	¶
9	Wednesday	
10	Thursday	
11	Friday	
12	Saturday	
13	Sunday	
14	Monday	
15	Tuesday	¶
16	Wednesday	
17	Thursday	
18	Friday	
19	Saturday	
20	Sunday	
21	Monday	
22	Tuesday	¶
23	Wednesday	
24	Thursday	
25	Friday	
26	Saturday	
27	Sunday	
28	Monday	
29	Tuesday	
30	Wednesday	¶



She cultivates flowers  
and freckles -

MARY FITZPATRICK



1	Thursday
2	Friday
3	Saturday
4	Sunday
5	Monday
6	Tuesday
7	Wednesday
8	Thursday
9	Friday
10	Saturday
11	Sunday
12	Monday
13	Tuesday
14	Wednesday
15	Thursday
16	Friday
17	Saturday
18	Sunday
19	Monday
20	Tuesday
21	Wednesday
22	Thursday
23	Friday
24	Saturday
25	Sunday
26	Monday
27	Tuesday
28	Wednesday
29	Thursday
30	Friday
31	Saturday



The end of happy school-days



# June

1	Sunday	
2	Monday	
3	Tuesday	
4	Wednesday	
5	Thursday	
6	Friday	●
7	Saturday	
8	Sunday	
9	Monday	
10	Tuesday	
11	Wednesday	
12	Thursday	○
13	Friday	
14	Saturday	
15	Sunday	
16	Monday	
17	Tuesday	
18	Wednesday	
19	Thursday	
20	Friday	☺
21	Saturday	
22	Sunday	
23	Monday	
24	Tuesday	
25	Wednesday	
26	Thursday	
27	Friday	
28	Saturday	○
29	Sunday	
30	Monday	



"Youth and love  
= sunny sky."



# July

1	Tuesday	
2	Wednesday	
3	Thursday	
4	Friday	
5	Saturday	•
6	Sunday	
7	Monday	
8	Tuesday	
9	Wednesday	
10	Thursday	
11	Friday	
12	Saturday	•
13	Sunday	
14	Monday	
15	Tuesday	
16	Wednesday	
17	Thursday	
18	Friday	
19	Saturday	
20	Sunday	☺
21	Monday	
22	Tuesday	
23	Wednesday	
24	Thursday	
25	Friday	
26	Saturday	
27	Sunday	
28	Monday	€
29	Tuesday	
30	Wednesday	
31	Thursday	



MARY ESTEP-BRILEY

# August

1	Friday	
2	Saturday	
3	Sunday	●
4	Monday	
5	Tuesday	
6	Wednesday	
7	Thursday	
8	Friday	
9	Saturday	
10	Sunday	●
11	Monday	
12	Tuesday	
13	Wednesday	
14	Thursday	
15	Friday	
16	Saturday	
17	Sunday	
18	Monday	
19	Tuesday	●
20	Wednesday	
21	Thursday	
22	Friday	
23	Saturday	
24	Sunday	
25	Monday	
26	Tuesday	●
27	Wednesday	
28	Thursday	
29	Friday	
30	Saturday	
31	Sunday	



She spends August on the  
mountains and becomes artistic.

MARY FETTER 1914.



# September

1	Monday	
2	Tuesday	⊕
3	Wednesday	
4	Thursday	
5	Friday	
6	Saturday	
7	Sunday	
8	Monday	
9	Tuesday	⊕
10	Wednesday	
11	Thursday	
12	Friday	
13	Saturday	
14	Sunday	
15	Monday	
16	Tuesday	
17	Wednesday	⊕
18	Thursday	
19	Friday	
20	Saturday	
21	Sunday	
22	Monday	
23	Tuesday	
24	Wednesday	⊕
25	Thursday	
26	Friday	
27	Saturday	
28	Sunday	
29	Monday	
30	Tuesday	

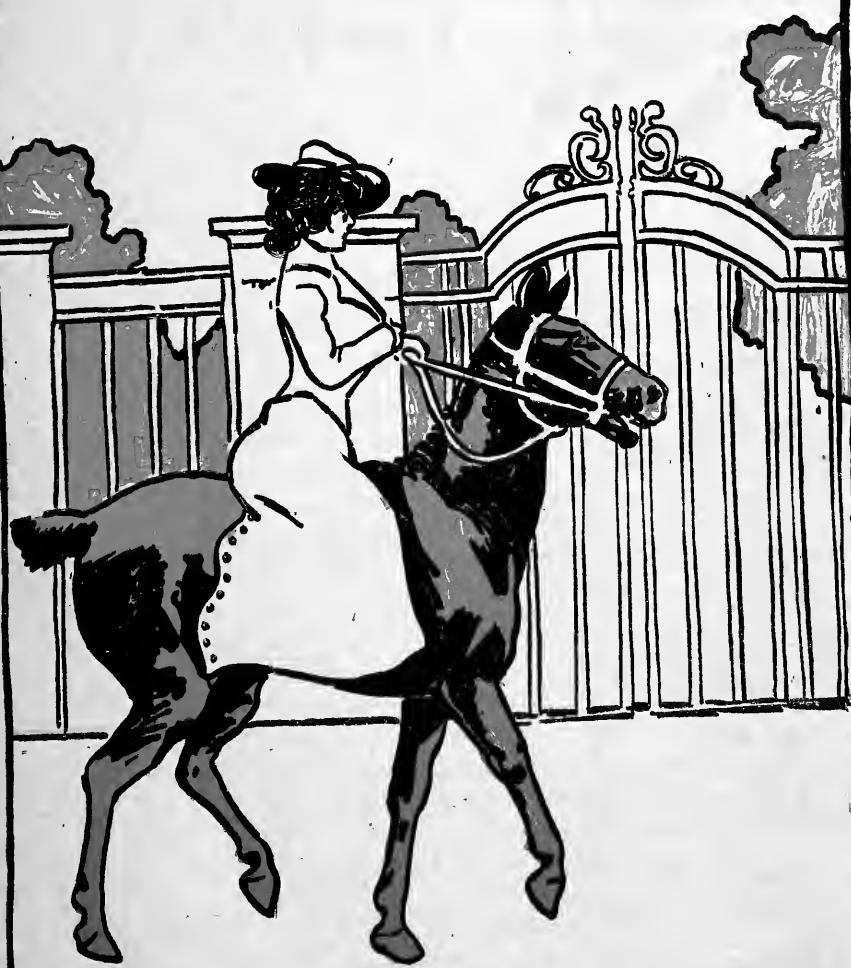
School opens and with it come  
the anxious interview with the  
President.





# ctober

1	Wednesday	●
2	Thursday	
3	Friday	
4	Saturday	
5	Sunday	
6	Monday	
7	Tuesday	
8	Wednesday	
9	Thursday	●
10	Friday	
11	Saturday	
12	Sunday	
13	Monday	
14	Tuesday	
15	Wednesday	
16	Thursday	
17	Friday	●
18	Saturday	
19	Sunday	
20	Monday	
21	Tuesday	
22	Wednesday	
23	Thursday	●
24	Friday	
25	Saturday	
26	Sunday	
27	Monday	
28	Tuesday	
29	Wednesday	
30	Thursday	
31	Friday	●



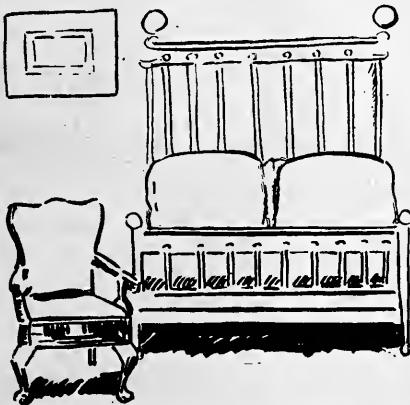
Regardless of criticism, she  
adopts the divided skirt.



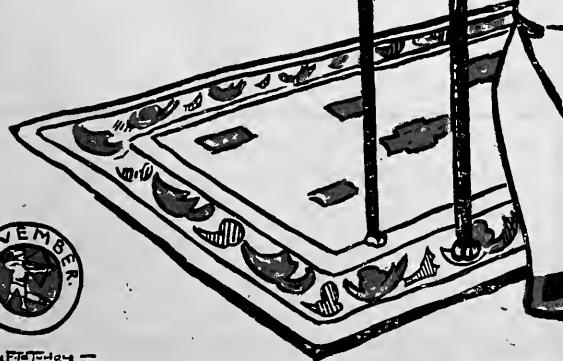
MARY KETTERER

# November

1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	☽
9	Sunday	
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	☽
16	Sunday	
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	☽
23	Sunday	
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	
29	Saturday	☽
30	Sunday	



Writing home for a  
check -



Wednesday



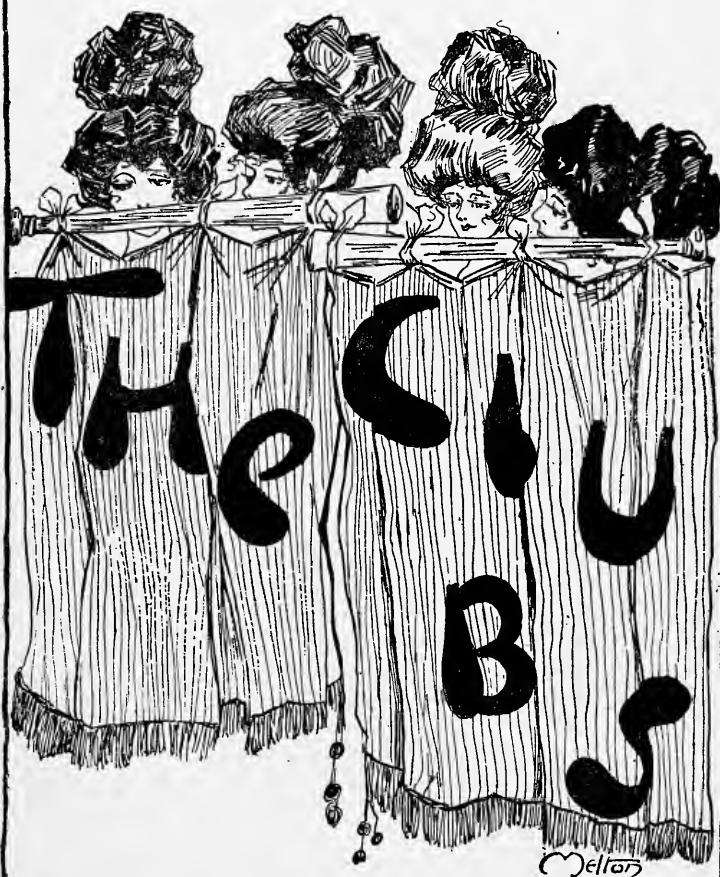
# December

1	Monday	
2	Tuesday	
3	Wednesday	
4	Thursday	
5	Friday	
6	Saturday	
7	Sunday	
8	Monday	3
9	Tuesday	
10	Wednesday	
11	Thursday	
12	Friday	
13	Saturday	
14	Sunday	4
15	Monday	
16	Tuesday	
17	Wednesday	
18	Thursday	
19	Friday	
20	Saturday	
21	Sunday	5
22	Monday	
23	Tuesday	
24	Wednesday	
25	Thursday	
26	Friday	
27	Saturday	
28	Sunday	
29	Monday	6
30	Tuesday	
31	Wednesday	



Home for the Holidays!





THIS  
IRIS  
- III -









# Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(FOUNDED IN 1894)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



COLORS: Light Blue and Purple.

FLOWER: Violet.

## YELL:

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!  
Mayette, Mayette!  
Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!  
Dan Vivianus, Vivianus!

## Officers

KATIE MAY LANDRUM . . . . .	Graud High Mogul
SOPHIE KINDRICK ALCORN . . . . .	Vice Regent
BESSIE MOORE CLOPTON . . . . .	Quæstor
EVELYN WILSON WATKINS .	Chartularia



## Roll for 1901-1902

### SOPHIE KINDRICK ALCORN

BLANCHIE MARIE COCKE NANNIE MOORE CRAIG

MARY CONSTANCE CARR

MARY TAPPAN COOLIDGE

BESSIE MOORE CLOPTON

FRANCES CLAUDINE GORDON

MARGARET T. McDONALD

EVELYN WILSON WATKINS

KATIE MAY LANDRUM

RUTH WARTERFIELD

### Beta Chapter at Ogontz-Ogontz, Pa.

#### *Sorores in Urbe*

MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS

MRS. W. F. ALLEN MRS. J. E. GARNER

MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD MISS JULIA DUDLEY

# Delta Sigma

Alpha Chapter



MARIE G. LEE



MARGARET MCDONALD



NANNIE CRAIG



CAROLINE GORDON



MARY T. CORLISS



SOPHIE ALCORN



EVELYN WATKINS



RUTH WATERFIELD



MARY CARR



KATIE MAY LANDRUM



BESSIE GORTON



DUM VIVAMUS  
VIVAMUS



THE  
IRIS  
- 115 -



## How I Became a Delta Sigma



HAD begged hard that week we were staying with the Winstons, but Miladi was obstinate; and so it came about on the morning we started home—a dozen happy, worn-out merrymakers—that she still wore upon her shirt waist the little sorority pin for which I would have given worlds.

A hundred times, perhaps, I had begged that I might be allowed to wear it, even for an hour; but the week had gone by, the house party was a thing of the past, and we were coming home. Each time I had asked to be "made a Delta Sigma" Miladi had replied that it was impossible; that she would never part with it for as much as an hour, unless to pin it upon the coat of the man she loved better than she loved the band of girls composing the sorority to which she belonged; and she was almost as positive that she would never find that man.

Miladi was not a flirt; far from it. She was not averse to listening to the words of love that were drummed into her ears by every man of us that week at Winston's; but now that we were going home, there was not one who could feel that he was leading in the race for her favor. More than one of us had sworn to wear that Delta Sigma pin before the end of the week—sworn it to ourselves, 'tis true; but the oath was just as serious as if there had been a dozen witnesses. Now the week was over, and the beautiful little light-blue-and-purple emblem still rested defiantly upon Miladi's breast—rested there and kept guard over the dear heart beating within.

I saw it there as I helped Miladi on the train that came puffing and blowing into the little station, three miles from the Winston home, as if already tired, though the day had just begun. That pin held in place a full-blown red rose I had given her that last night as we wandered across the lawn from the lake where we two had been for an hour's sail—the last offering from my hand and heart—and I was glad. Did it presage something for me? I tried hard to think so, until Joe came, took the seat beside her in the car, and began pulling off the petals, one by one, to scatter them upon the floor. One fell at my feet, and I ground it with my heel. I had given up the struggle; I had given her the red rose, had staked my heart, and was going home a bankrupt. It was a furious race while it lasted during that week at Winston's; but I had come in, and "also ran."

I sat alone in a far end of the stuffy combination baggage-and-passenger-coach as the antediluvian engine wheezed and puffed its way through the forest. It was early morning when we started, and we had come to the river before the sun got far enough above the tops of the trees to dispel the fog that had settled down during the night. A chilly breeze blew up from the water, dampening the dresses of the half dozen girls as they crowded upon the front platform of the car to catch the first glimpse of home, and sent them shivering back to their seats, defeated by the mist which hung like a pall upon the broad Father of Waters.

As the train started, backing slowly down the incline that leads to the transfer boat, the party pushed forward again and waved a morning salute at the little city on the other side, just awaking from a long night of rest; while just at that moment the July sun came up above the trees with a rush, dispelling the mist and seeming to answer the salute of the little party from every emblazoned church spire and high-perched window within the limits of the town. The sight was, indeed, a glorious one; and the answering signal from the other side was: "Welcome home!"

Then the shrill whistling of the engine, three car lengths up the steep incline, struck terror to the hearts of all. We were going too fast; the car in which we sat seemed to be flying through the air. The rails had proved slippery in the fog; the brakes on the engine had refused to work; we were running away down the incline, and there was only a frail bulkhead in the boat to stop the plunge of the train.

Back from the front platform the bewildered boys and girls rushed, and I had but time to mutter: "God help us! God save them all and save her for me!"

The forward car crashed through the boat, tore away the bulkhead at the end of the tracks, and plunged into the water. Confusion reigned during the few moments that elapsed while the fated car was sinking into the mud at the bottom of the river and we were clambering out as best we could through the shattered rear end. The shrieks of the members of the party could be heard above all else as the chilly water crept around fair white throats, and the horrors of a lifetime were crowded into the ten seconds that followed the crash.

I found Miladi clinging, fainting, to the seat into which she had been thrown as the car pitched into the river. Her eyes were closed, the flush had gone from her cheeks, and I lifted her gently, as one would lift the dead; but I thanked God the rest had gone with other precious burdens and left this one for me. Out to safety we climbed, her hair all wet, and shining glossy black, brushing against my cheek. And, as we climbed, I whispered into her ear, though she could not understand: "I love you; I love you." It was the song I had sung to her always, since that first night in June, and must be the burden of all my songs forever.

Out there upon the upper deck of the transfer boat, to which we had clambered from the end of the car now sinking deeper into the mud, we watched and worked and waited for the return to consciousness of those whose senses had mercifully fled. At last Miladi's eyes opened; and, as the glad light came into them again, she reached her hand toward me, and within the clinched fingers were some crushed and bruised rose petals. I took them and kissed them, and with me to this day lingers the sweet odor that I breathed that morning.

Presently Miladi sat up, her wealth of black hair falling over her shoulders to hide her agitation and excitement that came with the memory of what had happened. I went close to her and knelt down beside her shaking form; and as I whispered to her that the danger was past, she took from her dress the dear little blue-and-purple emblem that had held my rose and pinned it upon my coat.

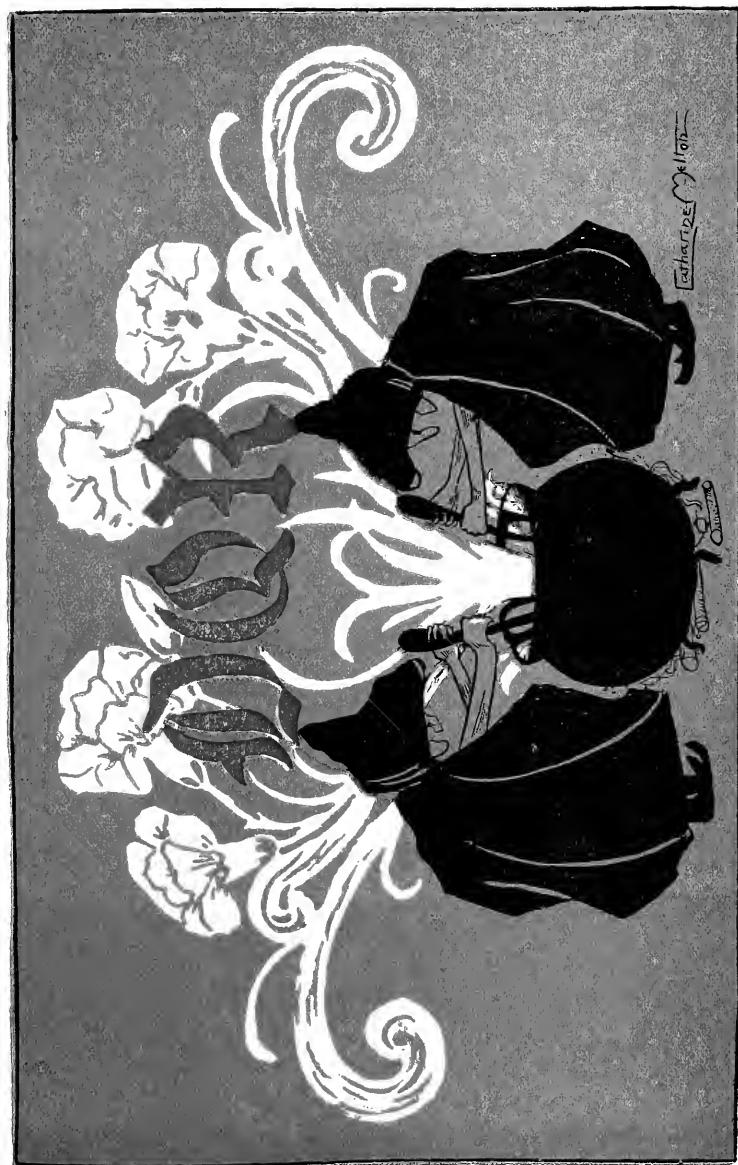
"Better than the sorority?" I asked, and she answered: "No, but I make you by this act a Delta Sigma."

That little pin is worth more to me than all the world besides, for Miladi still loves us both.









THE  
IRIS  
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# D. Q. R. Club

(ORGANIZED IN JANUARY, 1897)

57

**COLORS:**

Emerald and Old Gold.

**FLOWER:**

White Carnation.

LOLLIE  
EUGENIA  
BAISDEN  
Vice President

ANNIE  
BALDWIN  
NUNNELLY  
Treasurer

MARY SUMMEY  
Secretary

MARGERY  
CARUTHERS  
Sergeant-at-Arms



## MEMBERS

FRANCES HARRIS, Tennessee

LOLLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN, Florida

ANNIE BALDWIN NUNNELLY, Tennessee

MARIE AGNES COTTER, Texas

MARY SUMMEY, Tennessee

ELIZABETH CARLOSS LAMB, Tennessee

ELIZABETH HUGHES, Kentucky

TOM KITTRELL SIMS, Tennessee

MARGERY CARUTHERS, Kentucky

# Wards

1902

MISS LOLLIE DAUBEN

MISS LUCIE HUNNELL

MISS TOM SIMS

MISS ELIZABETH HOWES

MISS MARJORIE CRUTCHFIELD

MISS MARIE COTTER

MISS ELIZABETH LAMP

MISS FRANCES JEWELL

MISS MARY SUMMERS

D  
QR









W

sister's heart with a sister's hand

I

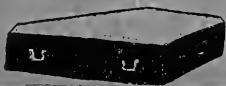
s the noblest right of woman

A

mutual end with common might

W

ins the crisis of the fight



# D. H. D. Club

(ORGANIZED IN OCTOBER, 1900)

COLORS: Black and Gold.

FLOWER: Chrysanthemum.

MOTTO:

"United, we stand; divided, we fall."

## YELL:

Well, well, well!

Who can tell?

One I Zipper, Two I Zipper,

Three I Zipper, Zam!

Phiz! Siz! Buzz! Boom!

Hip Zoo! Rah Zoo!

Siss! Boom! Bah!

D. H. D.! D. H. D.! Rah, rah, rah!

## Officers

LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS	. . . . .	Grand Exalted Ruler
JANE MORAN ROGERS	. . . . .	Grand Ruler
BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY	. . . . .	Worthy Grand Scribe
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK	. . . . .	Worthy Scribe



## Roll Call of 1901-1902

BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY, Texas	CLARA ELIZABETH PARK, Kentucky
NETTIE LEE PICKETT, Texas	LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky
JANE MORAN ROGERS, Kentucky	MAI DEE MOORE, Mississippi
ESSIE TISDALE, Tennessee	

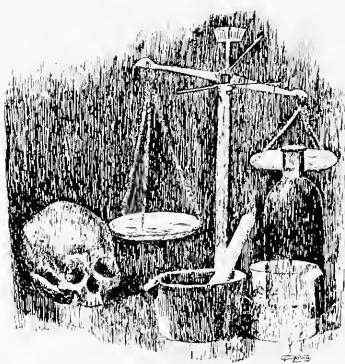
## Roll Call of 1900-1901

SUSIE ELIZABETH ABNEY, Kentucky	LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky
JANE M. ROGERS, Kentucky	HULDA GLOESCHER, Ohio
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK, Kentucky	ALMA GLOESCHER, Ohio
LILLIAN LUCILE SCOTT, Tennessee	CARRIE STUART, Ohio



"When friendship, love, and truth abound  
Among a band of brothers,  
The cup of joy goes gayly round;  
Each shares the bliss of others.

"Sweet roses grace the thorny way  
Along the vale of sorrow;  
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day  
Will bloom again to-morrow."





R.P.V

1970



# 4.4.4

FLOWER: Night-blooming Jasmine.      COLORS: Army Blue and Gold.

## OFFICERS

GRAY GATLIN	President
LUCY PIERSON	Vice President
MAUDE STEBBINS	Secretary and Treasurer
LYDA JACKSON	Sergeant-at-Arms
RUBY FOWLER	Skull Holder

## MEMBERS

EMMA WALKER	DAISY D. SMITH
LESLIE LATTA	LEILA JONES
LYDA JACKSON	GRAY GATLIN
LUCY PIERSON	DANNIE YOUNG
MAUDE STEBBINS	LULA TUBB
RUBY FOWLER	

THE  
IRIS  
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DS 11/12



## “FOUR, ELEVEN, FORTY-FOUR”



Daughters of the mystic arts,  
Mistresses of many hearts,  
Greetings fair I bring to you :  
Pleasant be your paths each day,  
Life a symphony as gay  
As the wild bird's carol.

Roses sweet, without a thorn,  
Wet with dew of life's fresh morn,  
Lie along your pathway ;  
May the year such pleasure bring  
That your hearts will always sing  
In their joy and gladness.

E. C.



THE  
IRIS  
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# St. Cecilia.

(CLUB ORGANIZED IN FEBRUARY, 1897)



FLOWER: Chrysanthemum.  
COLORS: Purple and Gold.  
MOTTO: "Ars longa, vita brevis."  
CLUB DAY: St. Cecilia Day, November 22.

## Officers

IRENE RUSSELL	President
MAUD WILSON	Vice President
EMMA WALKER	Recording Secretary
LILLIAN WILLIAMS	Corresponding Secretary
MISS CALDWELL	Musical Director



# St. Cecilia

Baigdon

**T**HERE are so many myths and legends connected with the life of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, that it is difficult to ascertain her actual story. This much, however, is authentic: that she was born in Rome, of a noble family, about 227, during the reign of Alexander Severus, and that she was reared in the Christian faith. Though she had vowed to devote herself to the church, her parents compelled her to marry Valerian, a nobleman of high rank. She converted him, however, and also his brother, Severus. They went about doing good and securing converts, which caused them to be persecuted. After being tortured in various ways, St. Cecilia died; and, when dying, she requested that her house should become a place for Christian worship. A church was built over it, then destroyed, and again and again rebuilt, and it is said that her bones repose in a silver shrine beneath the altar.

She was beautiful in person and character; was very gifted in music, and devoted her talents to the development of church music. This, with her martyrdom, caused her to be canonized; and music and the kindred arts—painting and poetry—have vied with each other in doing her homage. Among the many beautiful pictures of her the one by Raphael ranks first. She is represented as standing, with all the known musical instruments at her feet, the organ pipe (which she is supposed to have invented) in her hands; to her right stand St. Paul and St. John; on her left, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene; above is a choir of angels, to whom the saint is listening with ecstasy.

*"Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;  
His numbers raised a shade from hell,  
Hers lifted the soul to heaven."*

LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS.



# The St. Cecilia Club

(A SYMPHONY)

## Members

IRENE RUSSELL . . . Barcarolle  
MAUD WILSON . . . . Fugue  
EMMA WALKER . . . . Sonata  
LILLIAN WILLIAMS . . . Waltz

ELIZA TALLY . . . . Reverie MARIE COTTER . . . . Caprice  
MABEL ROWELL . . . . Nocturne LOLLINE BAISDEN . . . . Two-step  
AGNES LITTLE . . . . Gavotte HALLIE HOPKINS . . . . Polka

ANNA L. FOREMAN . . Pastorale  
LUCILE BAREFIELD . . . Galop  
ZULMA CROSS . . . . Fantasia  
NONA HAGGARD } . . . . Duo  
EDITH HAGGARD }  
BERTHA McELROY . . . Largo  
BYRD HENDERSON . . . Scherzo  
LEILA JONES . . . . Bagatelle  
MARY LILLY PRICE . . . Étude  
ELLA AINSWORTH . . . Minuet  
DOVIE MYERS . . . . Berceuse

# DRAMATIC CLUB.



ELSIE WOODWORTH READ . . . General Manager

THE  
IRIS  
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## MEMBERS

LAURA ELLIOTT	MARY LOUISE LOVE
ROSE WISE	LUCILE ROGERS
TOM SIMS	SHIRLEY SKILLERN
MARGERY CARUTHERS	EOLINE HOWZE
ELIZABETH HUGHES	GRAY GATLIN

*Nannie Mae Co.*





# SHAKOPERE



ELIZABETH CHAPMAN . . . . . Manager  
LEON H. VINCENT . . . . . Lecturer

TOM SIMS . . . . . President  
ELIZABETH GLENN . . . . Vice President  
CAROLYN DUBOSE . . . . Secretary

N.M.Cox



# Shakespeare Club



## Members

SOPHIE ALCORN

ANNE RHEA

NITA RICE

SADIE PECK

EMMA BERRY

MARTHA CARROLL

JOSEPHINE MUNFORD

TOM SIMS

THEO. SCRUGGS

ALICE BORDEN

LUCILE ROGERS

LUCY PIERSON

MABEL MURRAY

LUCILE OLIVE

NELLY WALSH

BESSIE DUNBAR

BESSIE HEFLEY

CAROLYN DUBOSE

ANNIE NUNNELLY

LORAINE MEEKS

MAUDE STEBBINS

ESSIE McBRIDE

MARY HUGHES

ELIZABETH GLENN

KATHERINE HART

RUTH WARTERFIELD

LILLIAN WILLIAMS

FEDORA JONAS

JANE ROGERS

ADDINE SMITH

JANE TILLMAN

MARGARET HENDERSON

MARY CHEATHAM

ELIZA TALLY

AGNES O'BRYAN

KATHERINE ROTHROCK

MAUD WILSON LENA TAMBLE

S

# Studioz





# Illustrators

Ida Ruth Aldridge  
Rebecca Baird

Lyddie Eugenia Baird  
Anna Bradwell Blanton

Alice Borden Mabel Murray

Kathleen Barr. Mary Eugenia Rogers.

Mary Vienna Colley Andy Murray, Gabbey

Nannie May Cox Kate Tillette

Jennie Louise Davison Mary Tucker

Bona Ferguson May L. Turley

Leila Jones Susan Webb.

Catharine M. Merton Susie Wilkes

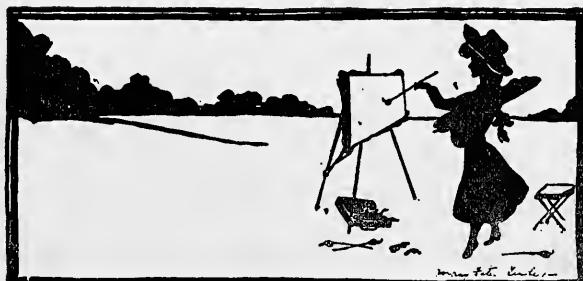
# STUDIO CLUB

## OFFICERS

CATHARINE MELTON	President
MAUDE STEBBINS	Vice President
MARY FITE TURLEY	Secretary
ALICE BORDEN	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

RUTH ALDRIDGE	Estill, Miss.
ANNA BLANTON	Nashville, Tenn.
ALICE BORDEN	Corpus Christi, Texas.
REBECCA BAIRD	Nashville, Tenn.
LA UNA BLACK	Nashville, Tenn.
LOLLIE BAISDEN	Live Oak, Fla.
KATHLEEN CARR	Mount Pleasant, Texas.
VIRNA COLBY	Houston, Texas.
NANNIE MAY COX	Nashville, Tenn.
JENNIE LOUISE DAVISON	Nashville, Tenn.
FANNY RHEA FRITH	Nashville, Tenn.
HATTIE HAYS	Cullman, Ala.
LEILA JONES	Hot Springs, Ark.
MAI DEE MOORE	Winona, Miss.
CHRISTINE MEMMINGER	Flat Rock, N. C.
MABEL MURRAY	Nashville, Tenn.
CATHARINE MELTON	Nashville, Tenn.
MARY TOM ODIL	Nashville, Tenn.
MAUDE STEBBINS	Abbeville, La.
MARY TUCKER	Nashville, Tenn.
KATE TILLETT	Nashville, Tenn.
MARY FITE TURLEY	Nashville, Tenn.
JUDITH WILKES	Nashville, Tenn.
RACHEL WEMYSS	Louisville, Ky.
SUSAN WEBB	Bellbuckle, Tenn.
SUSIE WILKES	Nashville, Tenn.
DAISY WAMEL	Deming, N. M.



# WIPOMCA

## Cabinet Officers.

**President** Lilla Lynn Morton

**Vice President** Mary Summey

**Secretary** Ruthie Banschits

**Treasurer** Gail Miller

Chm. of Missionary Comit. Bertha E. McElroy

May Belle Jones Chm. of Music Comit.

Chm. of Lookout Comit. Edna May Luskums

Irene Russell Chm. of Prayermeeting Comit.

Chm. of Reception Comit. Tom K. Sauer

Sophie K. Chm. Chm. of Whatsoever Comit.

The Lord watch between we  
and Thee while we are absent  
one from another





### Officers

IRENE RUSSELL	President
ALICE COONS	Vice President
FLORENCE GOODE	Secretary
ELIZA TALLY	Treasurer

### Members

MISS PARKER, Tuscaloosa  
 MARY BELLE JONES, Montgomery  
 ALICE COONS, Huntsville  
 ELIZA TALLY, Stevenson  
 ANNIE SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville

ETTA LOWENTHAL, Huntsville  
 FLORENCE GOODE,  
 CORA SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville  
 ROSE WISE, Huntsville  
 JOANNA BATTLE, Huntsville



# MISSISSIPPI

## Club



### YELL:

Bum-a-ling, bum-a-ling!  
Ting, ting, ting!  
Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling!  
Ching, ching, ching!  
Bum-a-ling, ching-a-ling!  
Who are we?  
Mississippi! Mississippi!  
Ra! Ra! Re!

### Officers

CAROLINE MONTGOMERY . . . . .	President
MABEL SCALES . . . . .	Vice President
MAI DEE MOORE . . . . .	Secretary
RUTH ALDRIDGE . . . . .	Treasurer

### Members

BERTHA BARBER	VIVA HARRISON
DAISY D. SMITH	BLANCHE ARCHER
NANNIE CRAIG	LUTIE SCOTT
REBA GOLDSMITH	HELEN HINTON
ESSIE McBRIDE	BONITO HINTON
LUCILE BAREFIELD	HELEN BAREFIELD
CECIL YOUNG	ZULMA CROSS

MOTTO:  
Honor to us.

FLOWER:  
Cotton Blossom.



COLORS:  
Pink and Green.



Susan Webb

# TENNESSEE CLUB

**COLORS:**  
Olive Green and White.

**FLOWER:**  
Narcissus.

**MOTTO:**  
Honor to our State.

**YELL:**

Boomalaka, boomalaka !  
Bow, wow, wow !  
Chinckalaka, chinckalaka !  
Chow, chow, chow !  
Boomalaka, chinckalaka !  
Who are we?  
The Ward girls of Tennessee !

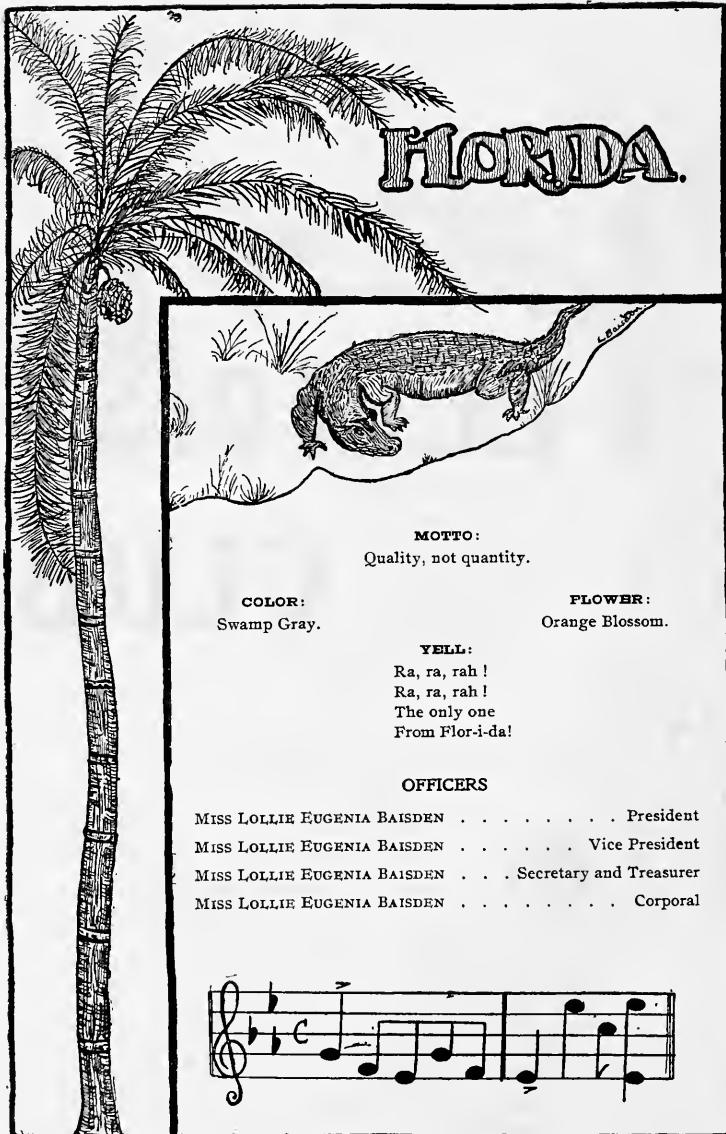
**OFFICERS**

LUCILE ROGERS	President
MARY SUMMEY	Vice President
LUCY PIERSON	Secretary
ANNIE NUNNELLY	Treasurer
LESLIE LATTA and FRANCES HARRIS	Sergeants-at-Arms

**MEMBERS**

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH LAMB
LEONORA BAILEY	VERTIE MCCLANE
MARY BELL	ANNIE NUNNELLY
MIRIAM BLANTON	REBEKAH ODEN
LOUISE BRIGHAM	MAMIE PRATT
AGNES BENNETT	MARGARET PRITCHARD
MAY CROCKETT	LUCY PIERSON
GERTRUDE CARTER	KATHERINE ROTHROCK
PHILA DONELSON	BERTHA RAUSCHER
ELOISE EWING	NITA RICE
RUBY FOWLER	LUCILE ROGERS
POLLY GRAHAM	TOM SIMS
BEBE GOANS	SHIRLEY SKILLERN
HALLIE HOPKINS	MARY SUMMEY
FRANCES HARRIS	LULA TUBB
NONA HAGGARD	ESSIE TISDALE
EDITH HAGGARD	SUSAN WEBB
MYRTLE HAYS	EMMA WALKER
MATTIE LOU HARRIS	ZELLE WILKES
EULA JONES	EVELYN WATKINS
LESLIE LATTA	DANNIE YOUNG





**MOTTO:**  
Quality, not quantity.

**COLOR:**  
Swamp Gray.

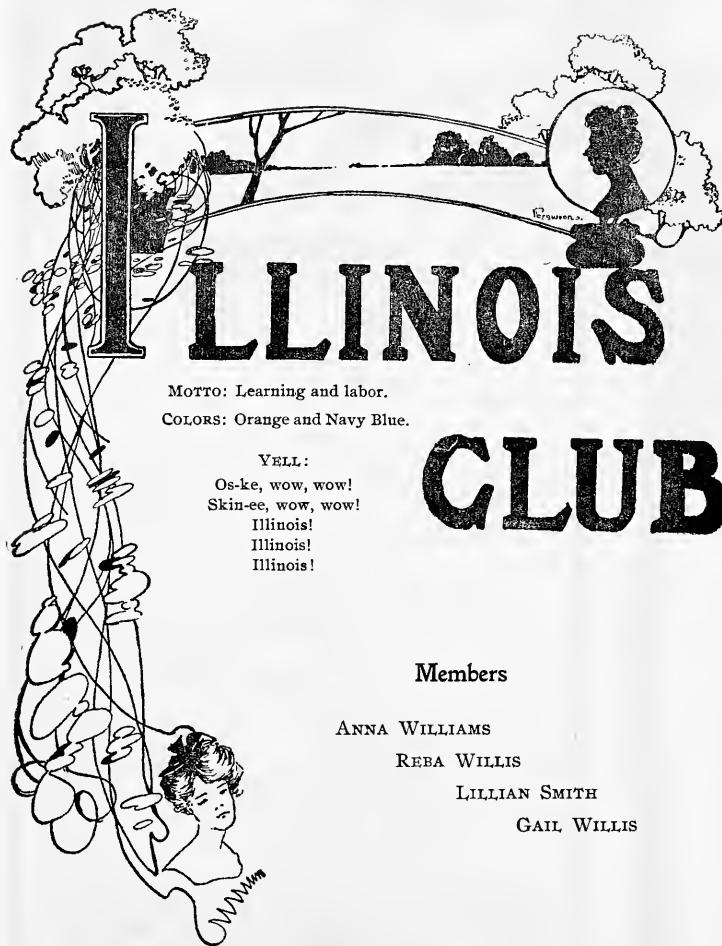
**FLOWER:**  
Orange Blossom.

**YELL:**  
Ra, ra, rah!  
Ra, ra, rah!  
The only one  
From Flor-i-da!

**OFFICERS**

MISS LOLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN . . . . . President  
MISS LOLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN . . . . . Vice President  
MISS LOLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer  
MISS LOLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN . . . . . Corporal





MOTTO: Learning and labor.

COLORS: Orange and Navy Blue.

YELL:  
Os-ke, wow, wow!  
Skin-ee, wow, wow!  
Illinois!  
Illinois!  
Illinois!



## CLUB

### Members

ANNA WILLIAMS

REBA WILLIS

LILLIAN SMITH

GAIL WILLIS



FLOWER: Wild Rose.

COLORS: Green and Pink.

MOTTO: "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

YELL:

Rah, rah, rah!  
Kentucky!

### Officers

ELIZABETH HUGHES	President
SOPHIE ALCORN	Vice President
MARY CARR	Secretary
MARGERY CARUTHERS	Treasurer



### Members

SOPHIE ALCORN	MARGERY CARUTHERS	MARY CARR
ANNA LEE FOREMAN	GRAY GATLIN	ELIZABETH HUGHES
KATIE MAY LANDRUM	CLARA PARK	LILLIAN WILLIAMS
JANE ROGERS		RACHEL WEMYSS

### "In Kentucky"

I.  
The moonlight is the softest  
In Kentucky.  
Summer days come oftenest  
In Kentucky.  
Friendship is the strongest,  
Love's fires glow the longest;  
Yet a wrong is always wrongest  
In Kentucky.

II.  
The sun shines ever brightest  
In Kentucky.  
The breezes whisper lightest  
In Kentucky.  
Plain girls are the fewest;  
Maidens' eyes are the bluest,  
Their little hearts are the truest,  
In Kentucky.



III.  
Orators are the grandest  
In Kentucky.  
Officials are the blandest  
In Kentucky.  
Boys are the fieriest,  
Danger ever nighest,  
Fares are the highest,  
In Kentucky.

# Louisiana Club

FLOWER:  
Rice Blossom.

COLORS:  
Tan and Green.

## Officers

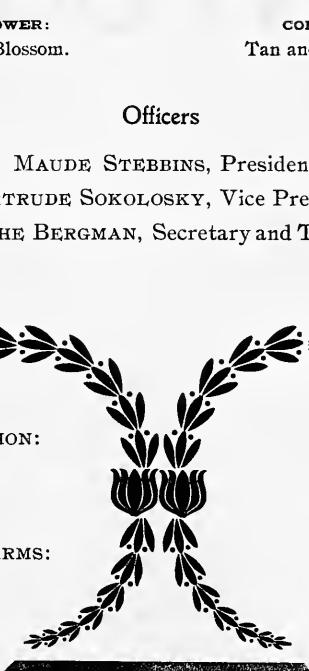
MAUDE STEBBINS, President  
GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKY, Vice President  
BLANCHE BERGMAN, Secretary and Treasurer

CHIEF INSPIRATION:  
Gulf Breezes.

SERGEANTS-AT-ARMS:  
The Three.



YELL:  
Je vous aime!  
Je vous adore!  
We three!  
And not one more!





**YELL:**

Kickey-e-kickey-o!

Kickey-o-or-la!

Here we are from Arkansas!

Boom-a-la-ra!



**MOTTO:**

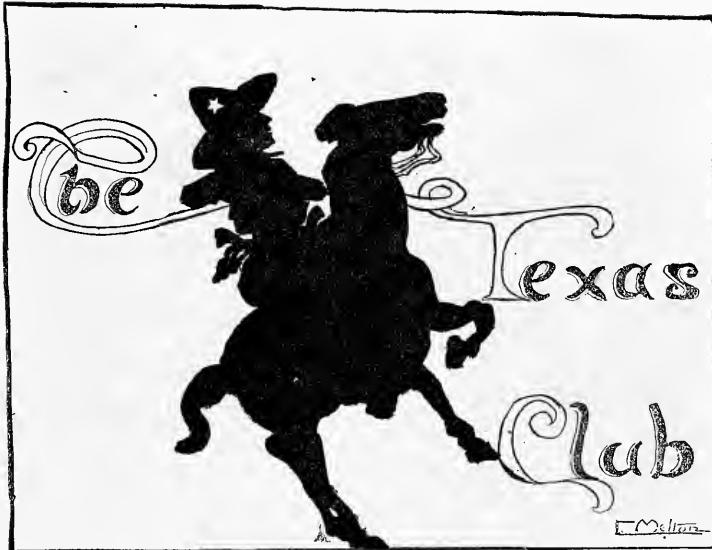
Justice and peace rule the people.

**Officers**

ANNIE BRAME	President
BESSIE CLOPTON	Vice President
ELIZABETH COLLIER	Secretary
CLAUDINE GORDON	Treasurer

**Members**

LEILA JONES	
MARY T. COOLIDGE	
MARIE COCKE	ALICE SHORT
HATTIE SHORT	LYDA JACKSON
EVELYN HARKNESS	CECILE BRYAN
MABEL BRYAN	RUTH GUISE
	DARDIS McDANIEL



**YELL:**

Rah, rah, rah!  
Rah, rah, rah!  
Texas!

**FLOWER:**  
Cactus.

**COLORS:**  
Old Rose and Black.

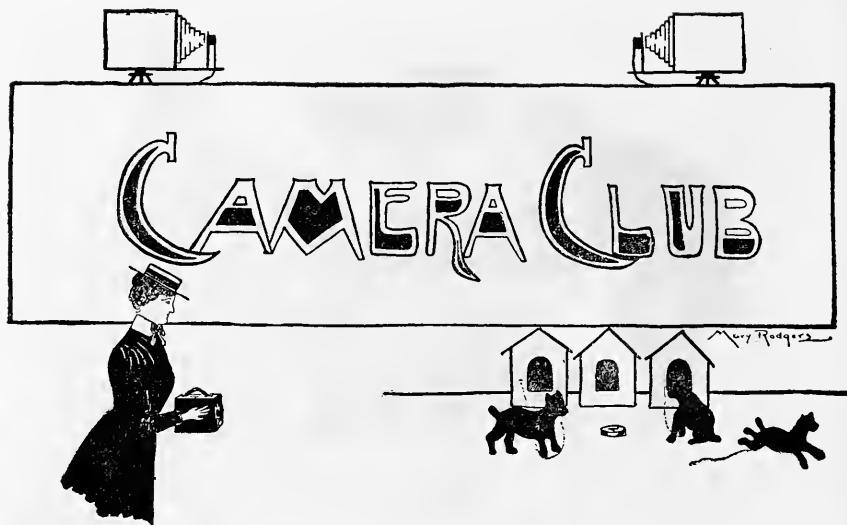
**OFFICERS**

President . . . . .	ALICE BORDEN . . . . .	Famous Lassoess
Vice President . . . . .	BESSIE HEFLEY . . . . .	Broncho Breaker
Secretary . . . . .	MAUD WILSON . . . . .	Our Lone Star
Treasurer . . . . .	MABEL ROWELL . . . . .	Crack Riflewoman

**MEMBERS**

MARIE COTTER, Handsome in a Sombrero  
 BYRD HENDERSON, Champion Tournament Runner  
 KATHLEEN CARR, Owner of a Six-bit Mustang  
 VIRNA COLBY, Merry Little Prairie Dog  
 LUCILE FRIZZELL, Shorthorn Steer  
 NETTIE LEE PICKETT, Our Little Cattle Queen

Honorary Member—MR. A. P. FOSTER



#### OFFICERS

NANNIE CRAIG	President
MARY T. COOLIDGE	Vice President
LYDA JACKSON	Secretary
VIVA HARRISON	Treasurer

#### MEMBERS

CLAUDINE GORDON	MARY LILLY PRICE
MAI DEE MOORE	CECILE BRYAN
KATIE MAY LANDRUM	BONITO HINTON
BESSIE CLOPTON	DARDIS McDANIEL
MARIE COCKE	LUTIE SCOTT
SOPHIE ALCORN	ELIZABETH COLLIER
MARY CARR	KATHLEEN CARR
ALICE SHORT	LEILA JONES
HATTIE SHORT	ETTA LOWENTHAL
MABEL BRYAN	ELLA AINSWORTH
MAY CROCKETT	BYRD HENDERSON
BERTHA McELROY	

An illustration for the Ward Cotillion Club. On the left, a man in a dark tuxedo and bow tie is seen from the side, looking down at a woman. On the right, a woman in a voluminous, patterned gown with a large floral headpiece is looking back over her shoulder. The background is plain white.

**FLOWER:**  
American Beauty.

**MOTTO:**  
"Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."

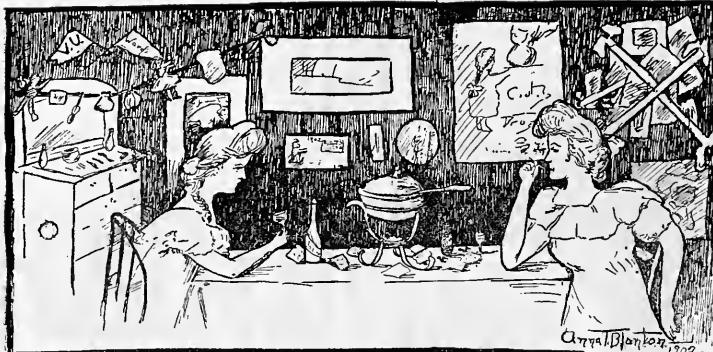
**COLORS:**  
Red and White.

## Officers

HAROLD F. WINSTEAD . . .	President . . .	VIVA HARRISON
RICHARD H. LEMAR . . .	Vice President . . .	LYDA JACKSON
NED T. FERRY . . .	Secretary and Treasurer . . .	CAROLINE MONTGOMERY
ROB. P. FITZGERALD } . . .	Leaders . . .	CLAUDINE GORDON
ERIC D. FIELDING } . . .		MAI DEE MOORE
GUY T. MANNING . . .	Musician . . .	GERTRUDE CARTER



## Members



# Chafing Dish



FLOWER: Butter and Eggs.  
 COLORS: Blue and Gold.  
 MORTO: "Eat, drink, and be merry."

YELL:  
 Ho! Ah!  
 Here we are!  
 Roasting, toasting!  
 Rah, rah, rah!

## Officers

MAI DEE MOORE	President
LEILA JONES	Vice President
LUCY PIERSON	Secretary
BESSIE HEFLY	Treasurer

## Members

LYDA JACKSON	MAY CROCKETT
VIVA HARRISON	HATTIE SHORT
LUTIE SCOTT	RUBY FOWLER
ELIZABETH COLLIER	KATHLEEN CARR
LILLIAN WILLIAMS	ALICE SHORT
CLARA PARK	MAUDE STEBBINS
BLANCHE BERGMAN	JANE ROGERS
VIRNA COLBY	SUSAN WEBB
DAISY D. SMITH	GERTRUDE SIMPSON
ESSIE MCBRIDE	LUCILE ROGERS



# THE JOLLY LUNCH CLUB

**MOTTO:**  
Give all that's left to the boarders.

THE  
IRIS  
- 155 -

**FRUIT:**  
Bananas.

**COLORS:**  
Salmon and Olive.

**PASS SIGN:**  
Lunch Box.

## OFFICERS

**EMMA BERRY**, Most Exalted Stuffer

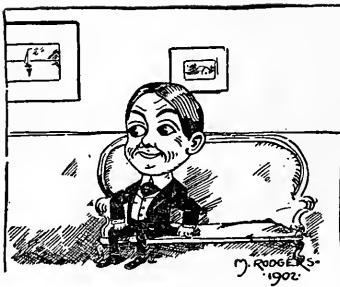
**ERMINIE DAVIS**, Ungodly Drinker of Pickle Juice

**HELEN MORRISON**, Most Esteemed Entertainer

**CLARA HARGRAVE**, Most Flourishing and Ferocious Consumer of Jelly

**SARAH BERRY**, Most Beautiful Banana Biter

**AGNES O'BRYAN**, Most Celebrated Sausage Grinder



THOSE WARD GIRLS!

CHOLLY—(who has been waiting forty-minutes). Maude thinks  
I am "cute" when I smile, but it is rather tough on a  
fellow!

# Primary Department



THE  
IRIS  
— 157 —

A GROUP OF PRIMARY PUPILS

MISS MUSA McDONALD  
Principal

MISS MARGARET CALDWELL  
Assistant

MISS CAROLINE McDONALD  
Assistant

# Primary Classes

Session 1901-1902

## Senior

FLOWER: Pansy.

HELEN NELSON	President	COLORS: Purple and Gold.
LUCILE ALLEN	Vice President	
MARTHA DOUGLAS	Secretary	
NANINE KELLY	Treasurer	
RUTH ALEXANDER	CHRISTINE CARMACK	SADIE CAUVIN
EDITH DENNY	KATHERINE HAMM	MARY KIRKMAN
MABEL MASON	LIZZIE NICHOL	MILDRED RAINS
NELSON SAVAGE	AMELIA TIGERT	BESSIE TURNER
JULIA VAUGHN		JOSEPHINE WILKERSON

## Junior

FLOWER: Carnation.

GEORGIA HUME	President	COLORS: White and Rose.
MARY HOLLINS	Vice President	
THEO. FOWLKES	Secretary	
SARAH BRADFORD	Treasurer	
MAY CRUTCHFIELD	MARGARET CHRISTOPHER	RUTH CRUTCHFIELD
LUCY DENNY	ALICE HIBBETT	ELIZABETH SHAW
PORTIA SAVAGE	MARTHA TILLMAN	ELLEN WALLACE

## Sophomore

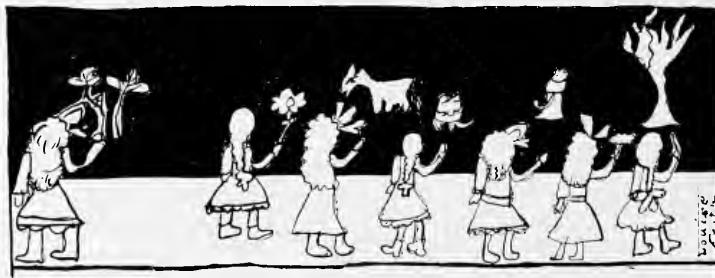
FLOWER: Red Geranium.

SUE TURNER	President	COLORS: Red and White.
MIRIAM APPLEBEE	Vice President	
MAMIE DUNCAN	Secretary	
LOUISE WITHERSPOON	Treasurer	
FANNIE BENNIE	MARIE HARWELL	ELIZABETH THOMPSON

## Freshman

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

LUCY TILLMAN	President	COLORS: White and Blue.
GLADYS NEAL	Vice President	
ELSIE MCGILL	Secretary	
EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN	Treasurer	
FRANCES BOND	AGATHA BROWN	MARTHA FRITH
JEAN MORGAN		MARY WITHERSPOON





# MISCELLANEOUS.

## Commencement

¶

**Saturday, May 24—3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.**

Art Exhibition in the Seminary Parlors.

**Sunday, May 25—11 A.M.**

Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. J. T. Plunket, D.D., of Augusta, Ga., at First Presbyterian Church.

**SUBJECT:** "The Sphere and Dignity of Woman's Work."

**Monday, May 26—8 P.M.**

Commencement Recital in Seminary Chapel.

**Tuesday, May 27—3 P.M.**

Senior Banquet at the Maxwell House.

**Tuesday, May 27—8:30 to 10:30 P.M.**

Alumnæ Reception in the Seminary Parlors.

**Wednesday, May 28—10 A.M.**

Commencement Exercises in Seminary Chapel.

Invocation by Rev. William M. Anderson, D.D.

**QUARTET**—"Barcarolle" (*Brahms*), by Miss Louise Warren, Miss Calista Bailey, Miss Nita Rice, Miss Minnie Reed.

Literary Address, by Rev. Ira Landrith: "The Five Turrets on the Tower of a Noble Character."

**SOLO**—"My Dreams" (*Tosti*), by Miss Mary T. Coolidge.

Diplomas Awarded, by Gen. Gates P. Thruston.

Benediction, by Dr. W. E. Ellis.



# Classes of 1902

98

## Graduates in Seminary Course

SOPHIE KENDRICK ALCORN, Kentucky  
EMMA HORATIA BERRY, Tennessee  
ALICE BORDEN, Texas  
MARTHA ELIZABETH CARROLL, Tennessee  
MARY CHEATHAM, Tennessee  
CAROLYN WADE DUBOSE, Tennessee  
BESSIE GIBBS DUNBAR, Tennessee  
MARION ELIZABETH GLENN, Tennessee  
KATHERINE HART, Tennessee  
BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY, Texas  
MARGARET HENDERSON, Tennessee  
MARY KENDRICK HUGHES, Tennessee  
FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee  
ESSIE McBRIDE, Mississippi  
LORAINE MEEKS, Tennessee  
JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD MUNFORD, Tennessee  
MABEL MURRAY, Tennessee  
ANNIE BALDWIN NUNNELLY, Tennessee  
ALICE LUCILE OLIVE, Tennessee  
AGNES TRABUE O'BRYAN, Tennessee  
SADIE BUCKNER PECK, Tennessee  
LUCY ADELAIDE PIERSON, Tennessee  
ANNE RHEA, Tennessee  
NITA RICE, Tennessee  
JANE MORAN ROGERS, Kentucky  
LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS, Tennessee  
KATHERINE ROTHROCK, Tennessee  
THEODORA SCRUGGS, Tennessee  
TOM KITTRELL SIMS, Tennessee  
ADDINE DEFOREST SMITH, Tennessee  
MAUDE STEBBINS, Louisiana  
ELIZA TALLY, Alabama  
LENA PETRIE TAMBLE, Tennessee  
JANE SMITH TILLMAN, Tennessee  
NELLY WALSH, Tennessee  
RUTH WARTERFIELD, Tennessee  
LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS, Kentucky  
MAUD WILSON, Texas

## Graduates in Elocution

GRAY ACREE GATLIN, Kentucky  
ELIZABETH HUGHES, Kentucky  
MARY LOUISE LOVE, Tennessee  
ROSE GOLDMAN WISE, Alabama



## Graduates in Piano

ELIZABETH CLOPTON, Arkansas  
ALICE COONS, Alabama  
LUCILE FRIZZELL, Texas  
FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee  
LESLIE VIRGINIA LATTA, Tennessee  
MAMIE STROUD ROGERS, Tennessee  
LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS, Kentucky

## Graduates in Voice

CALISTA ELIZABETH BAILEY, Tennessee  
MINNIE MERLE REED, Tennessee  
NITA RICE, Tennessee  
LOUISE WARREN, Tennessee

## College Preparatory Certificates

### To Wellesley College

ALICE CARROLL, Tennessee  
NANNIE HENSLEY OVERTON, Tennessee  
THEODORA COOLEY SCRUGGS, Tennessee  
LILLIAN PEARL SMITH, Illinois

### To Vanderbilt University

ETHEL BRADSHAW CHAPPELL, Tennessee  
KATHERINE GORDON ROTHROCK, Tennessee

## Special Certificates

### Voice

IRENE RUSSELL, Alabama

### Piano

IRENE RUSSELL, Alabama  
LUTIE IRENE SCOTT, Mississippi  
MARY EMMA WALKER, Tennessee

RUBY CLAY FOWLER, Tennessee  
MARY BELLE JONES, Alabama  
EDNA ROGERS, Tennessee

## “ONLY FUNNING”



Erat a girl cum eyes of brown,  
Aspexit cum et looked down,  
Cum meekness very stunning.  
He dixit: “Ego amo te;  
Will you be mine, my cara? Say!”  
She said: “You’re only funning.”

Vain puellæ smile very false;  
They lead the boys a lively waltz  
Cum innoœetus cunniug,  
Et then cum every cruel art  
They strive to break each puer’s heart,  
Aud say: “You’re only funning.”

Et tristis then he went away,  
In deepest darkness was his day,  
Puella was so stunning.  
Sed fleuit she: “Would I were dead!  
I wish that I had never said  
To him: ‘You’re only funning.’”

*E. C.*

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"The Right of Way."

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"The Portion of Labor."

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"A Singular Life."

MISS PARKER,  
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MISS CATCHINGS,  
"On the Wing."

MR. D. L. LACY,  
"Sentimental Tommie."

MISS HOPKINS and MISS McDONALD,  
"Pillars of the House."

MISS WARDLAW,  
"Madame Butterfly."

MISS REED,  
"Sylvia."

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LOST—A bottle of Antifat. Finder please return to EMMA BERRY.

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LOST—A book on the "Discipline of Girls." Finder please return to MISS JENNINGS.

LOST—"Lacy's" and furbelows. If found, please return to MISS MORTON.

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FOR SALE—Delta Sigma Monograms. Apply to EVELYN WATKINS.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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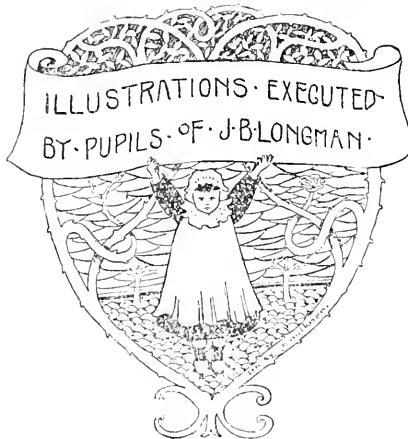
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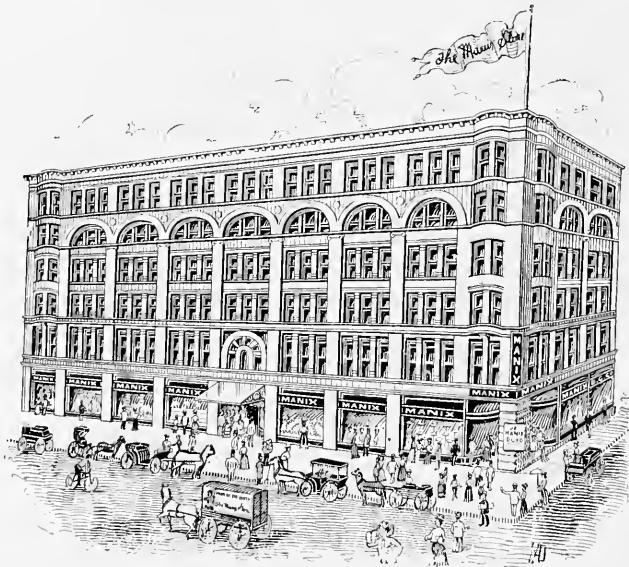
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**Ward Seminary**



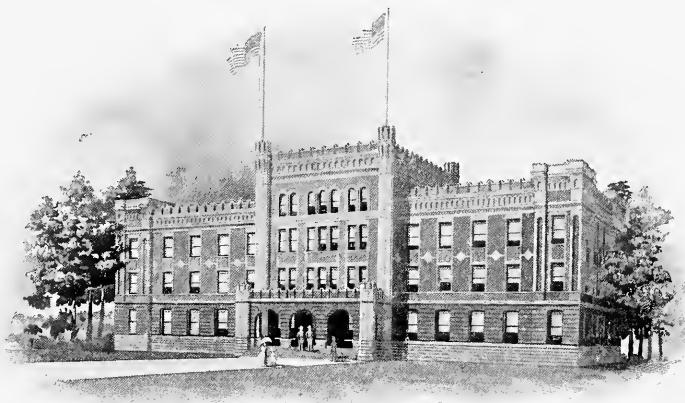
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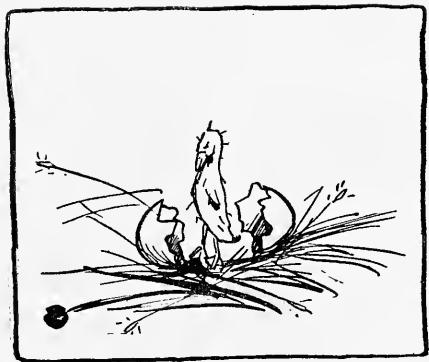


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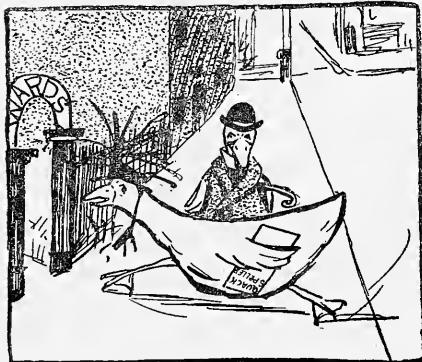


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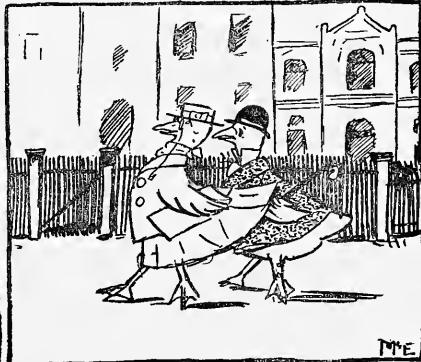


II

## The Advantages of an Education



III



IV

M.E.

## The Evolution of a Name at Ward

"I do beseech you  
(Chiefly that I may set it in my prayers),  
What is your name?"

*Shakespeare, "The Tempest."*

At Home	First Year at Ward	Second Year
MARY	a { MAMIE b { MAYMYE	a { MAE b { MARIE
LUCY	LUCYE	LUCILE
SALLIE	SARA	SAIDEE
SUSIE	SUE	SUZANNE
LILLIE	LILY	LILLIAN
EVIE	eva	EVANGELINE
FANNIE	FRANKIE	FRANCES
KITTIE	KATE	KATHERINE
MATTIE	MATTYE	MARTHA
JENNIE	JANETTE	JANICE
PATTIE	PATTYE	PATRICIA
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"What's in a name?"  
*Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet."*

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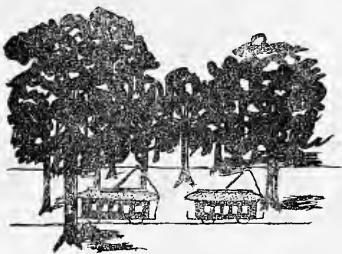
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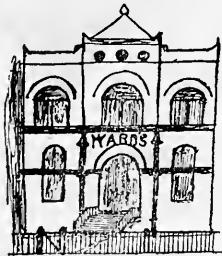
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# NAMES OF SOME OF THE FACULTY

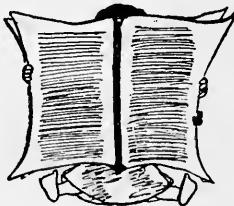


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AT ALL HOURS      &      &

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## HOLLINS, SONS & CO.



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B O O T S, S H O E S,  
a n d R U B B E R S

114 P U B L I C   S Q U A R E  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

## PHILLIPS & CO.

213 N. COLLEGE STREET  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Hardwood Mantels, Tile Hearths and  
Facings, Marble Floor and Wains-  
coting, Tin and Slate Roofing,  
Born's Steel Ranges, Garland Stoves  
and Ranges, Pottery and Glassware

Shall be pleased to serve you

# **TIMOTHY**

## Dry Goods and Carpet Company

is located on College Street, between the Public Square and Union Street : : : : :

### **TIMOTHYS**

Carry the largest stock of Carpets in the city of Nashville : : : : : : : : :

### **TIMOTHYS**

Conduct a first-class, ready-made Cloak and Suit Department : : : : : : : :

### **TIMOTHYS**

Have long been recognized as conducting one of the best Silk houses in the South : : : : :

### **TIMOTHYS**

Are reliable and responsible in every way : :

Send them your orders for Carpets or write to them for samples of Dress Goods and Silks

**Timothy Dry Goods and Carpet Company**

**NASHVILLE,**

- - - -

**TENNESSEE**

**A** is for Art, which this book represents.  
It cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.



**B** is for Boys, Billiards,  
and Beer,  
And other bad things that all  
girls should fear.



**C** is for Candles, which  
shed a glad light  
On all of the feasts that we  
have in the night.



**D** is for Dancing each  
day at recess,  
Though it isn't much  
fun without boys, we  
confess.

GOOD

GOODS

Nothing else  
is what you will find at

*Loveman & Co.*  
ESTABLISHED 1862

The Satisfactory Store

Dry Goods, Draperies

Women's Ready-  
made Garments . . . .

NASHVILLE

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Sidebottom

Cakes and Candies

Ice Cream . . . .

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Restaurant

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NASHVILLE

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BRANHAM & HALL

HIGH-GRADE

Shoes, Suit Cases, Bags

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Umbrellas

At the Lowest Prices

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Supplies for Draughting, Designing, Etching, China Painting, Pen and Ink Drawing, Scene Painting, Miniature Painting, Modeling, Illustrating.

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Cameras and Photo Supplies

Especial attention to finishing Amateur Pictures

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Telephone 9



H. C. BENNETT MANAGER.

Fine Livery For Picnics, Excursions, etc., for Schools, at reduced rates

**E** is for Essays the  
Seniors must  
write,

Which often present a  
most pitiful sight.



**F** is for Flirting, a frolic-  
some fun—

Till the teacher finds out, then  
the trouble's begun.

**G** is for Golf, and, though  
we don't play,

We wear a golf costume on  
each rainy day.



**H** is for Holiday so  
rarely we get,  
The absence of which  
is a cause for regret.

EDGAR JONES, President

WATKINS CROCKETT, Cashier

A. H. ROBINSON, Vice President

## Union Bank and Trust Company

Receives Deposits and Makes Loans  
on Satisfactory Personal or Col-  
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To get the latest news  
of the world, you  
must read

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*Society Pins*  
*Watches*  
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and  
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## THIN WHITE GOODS

Cool, thin white goods are the most sought-after fabrics at this season. Our large and well-selected stock is most interesting now. Special attention is called to our

**White French Organza**, 48 inches wide, at 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1, and \$1.25 per yard.

**Wash Chiffon**, 50c and 75c per yard.

**Silk Muslin**, 48 inches wide, at 50c and \$1 per yard.

**Persian Lawn**, at 25c, 30c, 35c, and 40c per yard.

**Tissage de Soie**, at 50c per yard.

**White Dotted Swiss**, at 25c, 35c, 50c, and 60c per yard.

**French Nainsook**, 48 inches wide, at 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 75c per yard.

### Appliqués and Laces,

The most beautiful and suitable trimmings for white dresses are the Appliqués and Allovers in Chantilly, Point de Paris, Irish Point, and Valenciennes

THOMPSON & CO., Nashville, Tenn.

### NIGHT MESSAGES AT REDUCED RATES

#### When You Have

#### Urgent Business

With some one in another town or city, remember that you can reach him the quickest by Telephone



The most delightful pleasure, next to seeing your daughter, is a "long distance conversation" with her over the Long Distance Telephone, No. 272, in the Ward Seminary office. Try it!

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

**Jungerman & Rust**

**G R O C E R S**

OUT-OF-TOWN ORDERS PROMPTLY  
FILLED. NO CHARGE FOR PACKING

403 Public Square

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**I** is for "Iris," the finest of  
books,

Whose contents you'll find quite as  
good as its looks.



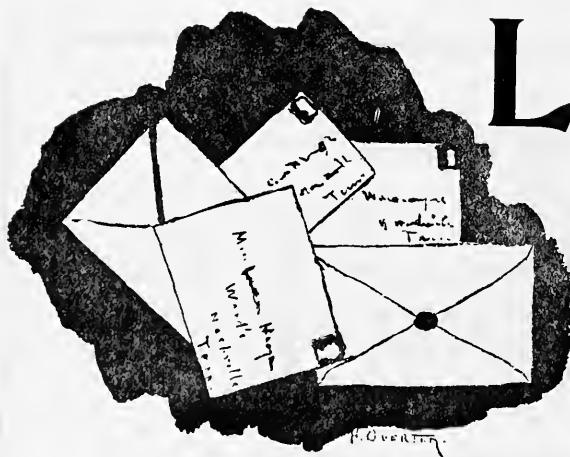
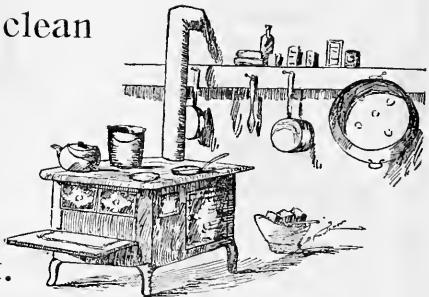
**J** is for Jennings, the Belle of  
Ward School,



Who surely "peals forth," if we  
break any rule.

**K** is for kitchen, so clean  
and so neat,

From which issue forth  
our bread and our meat.



**L** is for Letters we  
get at mail call,

And if we don't  
get them, then  
our tears fall.

# B. A. Stief Jewelry Company

James B. Carr, Treasurer and Manager

Diamonds

Watches

Silverware

Jewelry

Novelties



High-grade Stationery

Engraved Visiting Cards

Wedding Invitations

“Ward” Pins—

Sterling Gilt, 35c, 75c, \$1

Solid Gold, \$1.50

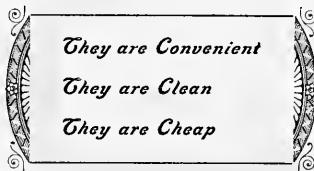
Mail Orders and Correspondence  
have prompt attention

Watches and  
Jewelry Repaired

## *The B. A. Stief Jewelry Company*

404 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

## *Use Electric Lights*



Ward Seminary is Lighted by the

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THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

# Pianos AND Organs

SHEET MUSIC  
AND SMALL...  
INSTRUMENTS

531-533  
CHURCH STREET



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**NATIONAL STEEL RANGES**

*Acme of Forty Years Experience  
Adorn the Home  
Economize in Fuel  
Make Glad the Household's Queen.*

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY  
**PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MFG. CO.**  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

You are going to marry; and  
when you do, you will need a

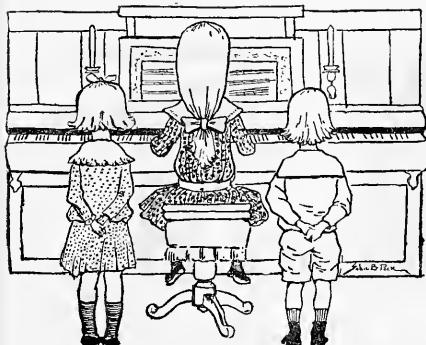
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COOKING UTENSILS; CHINA, GLASS, and CUTLERY for the dining room

TOILET SETS, ART POTTERY and BRIC-A-BRAC for bedrooms and parlor

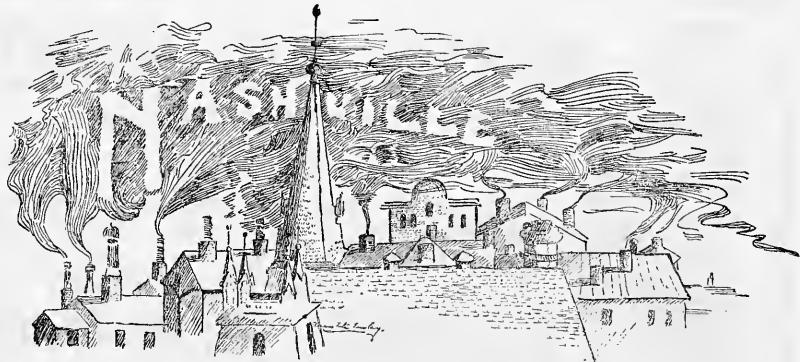
Go or  
send to **Phillips & Buttorff Mfg Co.** HOUSE FURNISHERS  
Nashville, Tenn.

Who faithfully supplied your grandparents with good goods and are still in the prime of life



**M** is for Music,  
whose discord  
and strain

From pianos below do  
give us a pain.

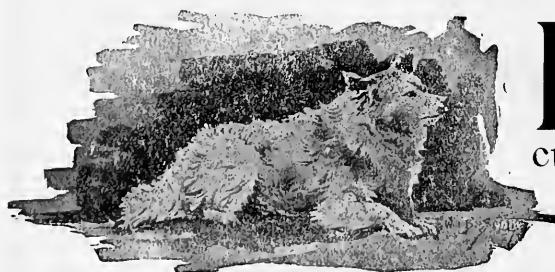


**N** is for Nashville, the city of learning;  
Toward this great center the thousands  
are turning.



A.C. Campbell —

**O** is for Order; how often we've heard,  
"Two in a line, no room for a third!"



**P** is for Pit-a-  
Pat, the  
cutest of creatures,

Who's just as well known as pupils or teachers.

# STARR PIANOS



Are made in our own factory, which is one of the largest and best equipped in the world.

Their superior qualities and remarkable durability have earned for them an enviable reputation among the few reliable pianos.

A critical examination will interest and repay you.

Write us for prices and catalogues.

We are also exclusive agents for Steinway, Knabe, and Vose Pianos.



## Jesse French Piano & Organ Co.

240 and 242 NORTH SUMMER STREET

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED BON AIR COAL

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If you want  
Good Furniture and Stylish Furniture

If you want  
Good Carpets and Artistic Carpets

— and  
want  
the right  
price

The MORTON-SCOTT-ROBERTSON CO.

is  
the place  
you are  
looking  
for —

The largest Wholesale and Retail Carpet and Furniture Store in the South. Located at 416-418 UNION STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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317 NORTH COLLEGE STREET  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

A full line of Tennis and Croquet Sets, Baseball and Golf Goods, Fishing Tackle, Etc.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

TELEPHONE 71

## DR. D. R. STUBBLEFIELD

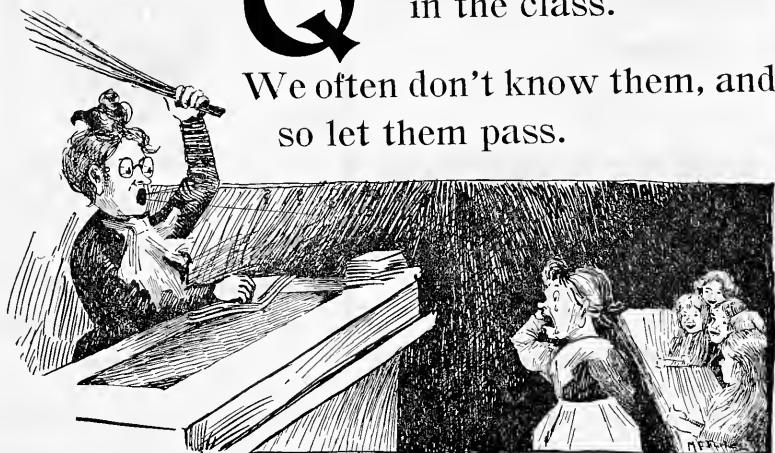
## ...DENTIST...

401 AND 402 WILLCOX BUILDING

NASHVILLE

**Q** is for Questions we get  
in the class.

We often don't know them, and  
so let them pass.



**R** is for Rosa, who waits at  
the door,

Who takes up the flowers and  
candy "galore."





**S** is for Seniors, the  
heads of the school,

Who are never supposed  
to break any rule.

**T** is for Thanksgiving, the day for  
the game

That wins for old Vanderbilt glory  
and fame.



## MAXWELL HOUSE

NASHVILLE, TENN.

The most Prominent and Centrally Located  
Hotel in the City

FIRST-CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS

AMERICAN PLAN

W. K. BLACK, MANAGER

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DEALER IN

## Fresh and Salt Meats

Country Produce, Etc.

Our Meat is the Highest Grade and First-class

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Shades, Linoleums, and

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**F**ine Rubber-tired  
Carriages

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Opposite Theater Vendome

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**Geny Bros.**

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Choice Cut Flowers  
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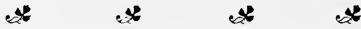
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712 CHURCH STREET



## Gray & Dudley Hardware Co.

House Furnishings, Lamps, Clocks, Cut  
Glass, Silverware, Cutlery, Athletic Goods,  
and Trunks



## A. Booth & Co.

Successors to CHASE & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers  
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**Fish, Oysters  
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Hotel and Col-  
lege Supplies

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

## Weakley's

is the place  
to buy

Furniture  
Carpets  
Wall Paper  
Pictures, Etc.

207 NORTH COLLEGE STREET  
NASHVILLE

## Lebeck Bros.

Stylish Goods at Lowest Prices

*First-class* **Dry Goods**  
and **Millinery**

Summer Street  
NASHVILLE, TENN.



**U** is for ugliness, which none of  
us own;

But perhaps it will visit us when  
we are grown.

**V** is for Vanderbilt,  
who the cannon  
did paint;

Their names for this act  
received not a taint.





**W** is for "Ward's,"  
a school of re-  
nown;

It is by far the best of our  
town.

**X**  
**Y** are values unknown,  
And into the waste-  
basket will have to  
be thrown.  
**Z**



**Carson & Foreman**

## **Trunk Manufacturers**

**EVERYTHING FOR TRAVELERS**

**Trunks Repaired. Special Prices to Students**  
**Telephone 2636**

**629 Church Street      Watkins Building**

V. B. TALBOT, Pres.      C. G. FINNEV, Treas. and Gen. Mgr.  
R. W. GREENFIELD, Vice Pres.      A. B. BATTLE, Sec.

**Greenfield-Cabot**

## **Furniture Company**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**

**Furniture, Mattresses, Springs, Etc.**

**Warehouse: Corner First and Main Streets. Telephone 1006**

**209 N. College Street      Nashville, Tenn.**

**Send to      Fruits and      North Spruce  
De Matteo's      Candies      Street  
For      Corner Church**

**READ THE  
NASHVILLE  
BANNER**



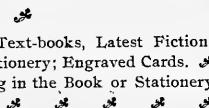
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Fine, Fashionable Stationery; Engraved Cards.  
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**Table Luxuries**

**Orr, Jackson & Co.**

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**JOBBERS**

**...OF...**

**Fancy . .**

**SPECIALTY      NASHVILLE,**

**TENNESSEE**

**Groceries**

**176 North Market Street**

# MIDDLE TENNESSEE'S LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE

Satisfaction  
Guaranteed

## FINE DRESSMAKING

Special Attention  
to Making  
Evening and Wedding  
Gowns

## LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

A Complete Showing  
of the Season's  
Newest  
Novelties

Carpets  
Lace Curtains

At all times a full and  
complete line of

## Reliable Merchandise

FALL, 1902

Fashion's Latest Silks,  
Dress Goods, Gloves, Ribbons,  
Handkerchiefs, Etc.

A GREAT VARIETY

Special Inducements to all Young  
Ladies attending Ward  
Seminary

Our First Aim is to Please

We Know Our  
Goods Are  
Right

## FINE FOOTWEAR

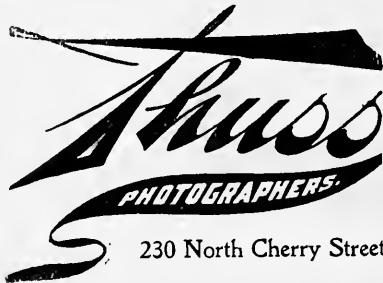
For Women, Misses,  
and Children  
Buy Your Shoes Here  
and be Satisfied

## THE SEASON'S LATEST IN FINE MILLINERY

Careful Attention Given  
all Orders Intrusted  
to Us

Trunks  
Hand Bags, Etc.

## THE CASTNER-KNOTT DRY GOODS CO.



230 North Cherry Street

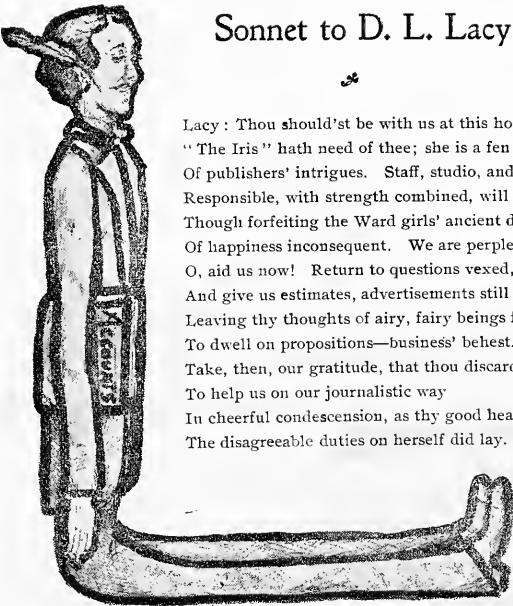
Were Awarded a Silver Medal

at the  
National  
Photographers'  
Convention  
Chautauqua  
New York  
in 1899, and  
a Bronze Medal  
in 1897



MANY OF THE GROUPS  
IN THIS BOOK WERE  
MADE BY THIS FIRM

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARD  
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY  
TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL \*



## Sonnet to D. L. Lacy

Lacy : Thou should'st be with us at this hour.  
" The Iris " hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of publishers' intrigues. Staff, studio, and pen  
Responsible, with strength combined, will tower,  
Though forfeiting the Ward girls' ancient dower  
Of happiness inconsequent. We are perplexed;  
O, aid us now! Return to questions vexed,  
And give us estimates, advertisements still more,  
Leaving thy thoughts of airy, fairy beings far apart  
To dwell on propositions—business' behest.  
Take, then, our gratitude, that thou discardest  
To help us on our journalistic way  
In cheerful condescension, as thy good heart  
The disagreeable duties on herself did lay.

## MUSIC

“Music hath charms,” some one did sing,  
“To soothe the savage breast.”  
O, if he knew how these halls ring—  
Ring with a wild unrest  
Of Études, Studies, Fugue, Sonata,  
By Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann—  
He’d think that savage was a martyr,  
And that his ear was scarcely human,  
If he were soothed by such wild sounds  
As from the practice hall resounds.  
—VIRGIE MONROE.

### Music Weather Report for One Week

SUNDAY—Fair, but temperature falling toward night.  
MONDAY—Zero!!!  
TUESDAY (Bible Day)—Weather rather gloomy.  
WEDNESDAY (Psychology Day)—Very threatening, with  
a strong east wind blowing.  
THURSDAY (Music Lesson Day)—Weather very uncertain.  
FRIDAY—Fair, especially so toward noon.  
SATURDAY—A perfect day!!!

—ST. C. C.

What two quotations from Shakespeare's “Julius Cæsar” do Ward girls think Miss Jennings has memorized?

Cæsar to Antony:  
“I shall remember.”

Cæsar to Trebonius:  
“What, Trebonius!  
When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed.”

✓ ✓ ✓

First Little Girl (carrying in her hand a letter in a mourning envelope): “What do you suppose they put this black around the edge for?”

Second Little Girl (proudly): “Why, so it will go to the Dead Letter Office, of course.”

T. J. MOONEY  
PRESIDENT

M. F. ROONEY  
TREASURER

## T. J. MOONEY COMPANY

Nashville, Tenn.

# FINE PLUMBING

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Large Stock of Plumbers' and Gas and Steam Fitters' Supplies,  
Gas Machines, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilat-  
ing, Ice Machine and Cold Storage Apparatus, Gas and  
Electric Chandeliers, Dynamos, Electric Bells, Annunciators,

### ALL KINDS OF ELECTRIC SUPPLIES



Office and Sales Room, 617 Church Street

Warehouse and Shop, in Rear of 140, 142, and 144 North Spruce Street

Telephone 641



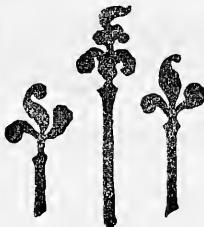
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engraving for Magazines, Books and Publications  
of all kinds; our work is of the highest grade.  
— Give us a trial.—

The illustrations in this book are samples of our work

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Fine Stationery and Die and Plate  
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232 NORTH MARKET STREET  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

# SPEND THE SUMMER

## MONTEAGLE

On the summit of the Cumberland Mountain; 2,300 feet above sea level.

## EAST BROOK SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 3 miles from Estill Springs; 80 miles south of Nashville.

## ESTILL SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 77 miles south of Nashville.

## BEERSHEBA SPRINGS

Two thousand five hundred (2,500) feet above sea level; 18 miles from Tracy City.

## BON AQUA SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 35 miles west of Nashville; 200 miles east of Memphis.

## SEWANEE

Seat of University of the South; 2,300 feet above sea level; 95 miles south of Nashville; 78 miles north of Chattanooga.

## PYLVANT SPRINGS

Near Tullahoma; 1,000 feet above sea level.

## HURRICANE SPRINGS

Near Tullahoma; 1,000 feet above sea level.

## LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Near Chattanooga; 1,800 feet above sea level; 151 miles southeast of Nashville.

## NICHOLSON SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 2½ miles from Smartt; 100 miles from Nashville.

## KINGSTON SPRINGS

Six hundred (600) feet above sea level; 25 miles west of Nashville.

## BEAVER DAM SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 8 miles from Kimmins.

## HINSON SPRINGS

In West Tennessee; 100 miles east of Memphis.

## TULLAHOMA

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 60 miles south of Nashville. Guests supplied with Hurricane and Cascade Springs water.

## CRAGGIE HOPE

Twenty-six (26) miles west of Nashville; about 600 feet above sea level.

## WHITE BLUFFS

Thirty (30) miles west of Nashville; 820 feet above sea level.

In the Highlands and Mountains of Tennessee

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**THE END —**

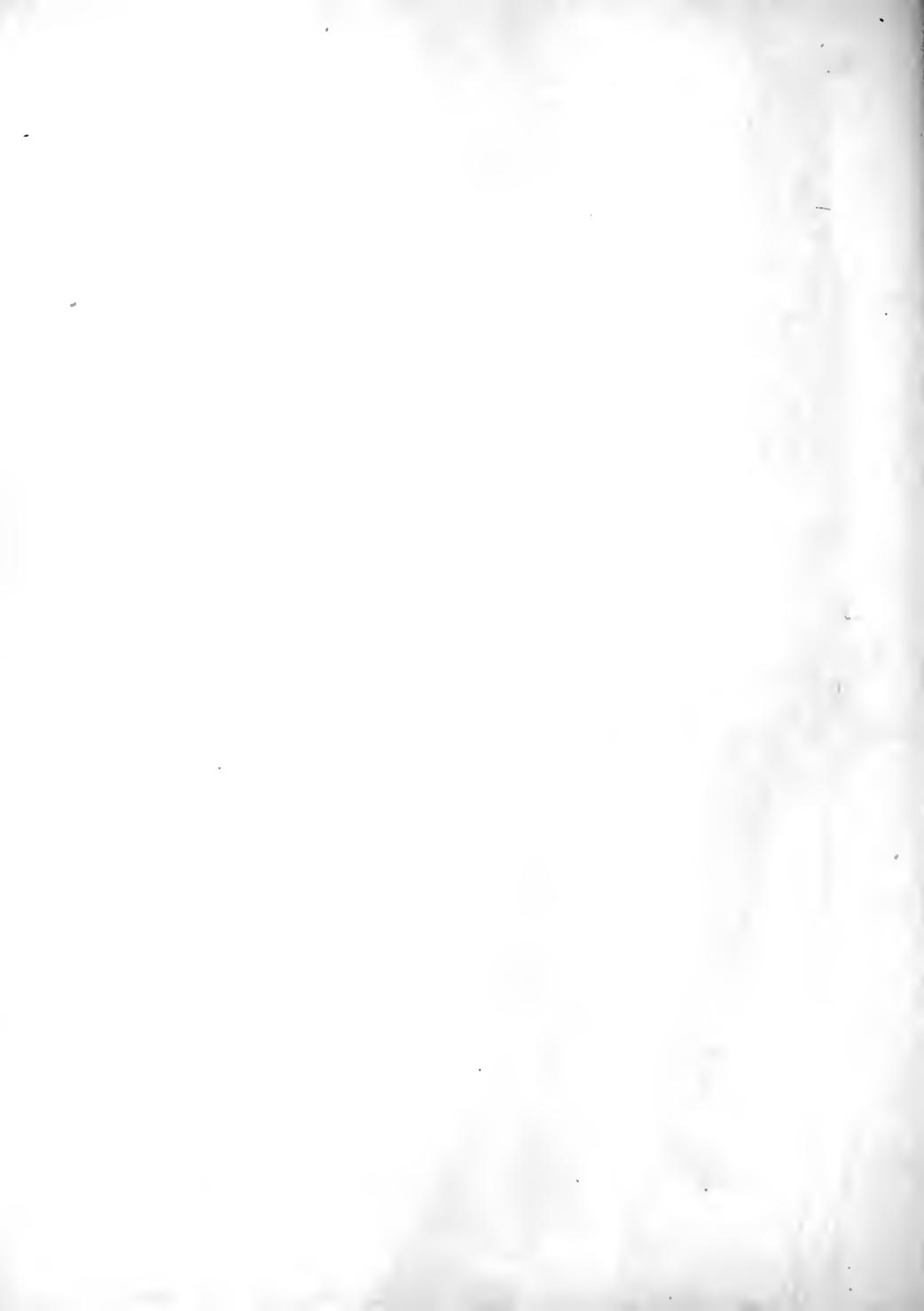












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